The Outlook

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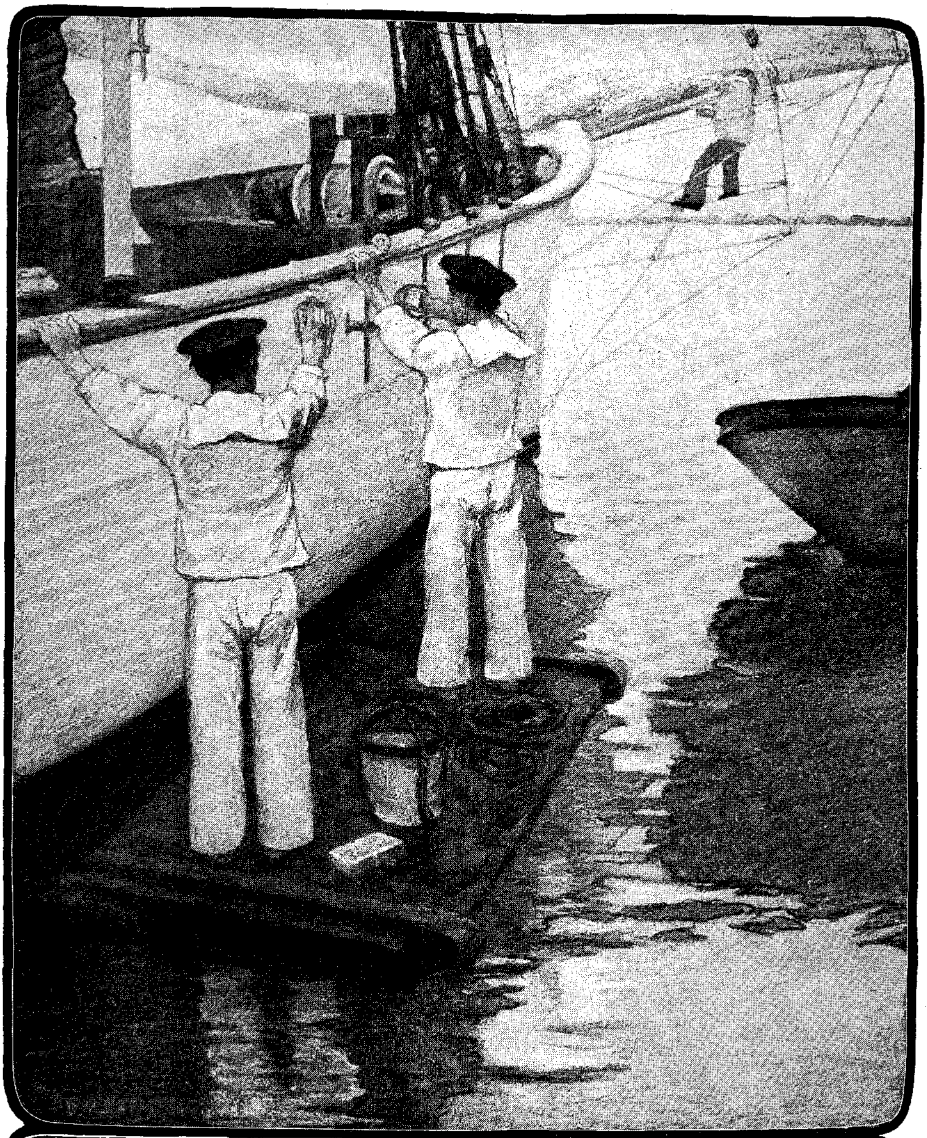

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IT FLOATS.

The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 75 September 5, 1903 No. 1

The Indian Land Investigation

Accusations against officials in Indian Territory have been added this week to those already made. Many of the statements, however, are qualified by the words "it is said" and the like. The letter of Mr. Brosius, summarized in The Outlook last week, remains the most specific description of the state of affairs that has yet been made public. Still, some of these accusations relate to transactions which, if untrue, could easily be disproved. For instance, it is asserted that the offices of one of the land companies are in the same building with those of the Dawes Commission, and indeed in the same rooms formerly occupied by the Commission; and that Indians who desire to deal with the Dawes Commission walk into these offices, transact their business, and depart unaware that they have disposed of their lands to a company whose purpose it is to make all the money it can out of the Indians' possessions; and yet among the directors of this company are, it is declared, Government officials appointed to protect the Indians' rights. Members of the Dawes Commission have written to Secretary Hitchcock declaring that "a work unparalleled in the history of civilization . . . is threatened by fanatical reports and questionable journalism," and asking for an investigation. Secretary Hitchcock has replied that their request "has been anticipated," and that "arrangements are in progress which will be consummated with the least possible delay." The announcement also comes from the Department of Justice that the acts of its officials in Indian Territory are to be scrutinized. There seems to be no doubt that the methods of dealing with the Indians in the distribution of their lands will be thoroughly investigated and that wrongdoers will be given short shrift.

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Vardaman Chosen in Mississippi

On Thursday of last week the Democratic primaries in Mississippi resulted in the choice of Vardaman, the reactionary candidate for nominee as Governor, by a majority of about four thousand. His opponent, Judge Critz, had until a few days before the primaries the better chance for election; but then there appeared a canard that his election was favored by President Roosevelt, and there were enough simple-minded Mississippi Democrats to believe it and turn the scales against him. Vardaman has been going up and down the State indulging in personal revilings of the President, and has dared even to venture a low jest about a Southern woman. Apparently a majority of Mississippi Democrats are not sensitive to indignities toward Southern womanhood when they are indulged in by one of their own number. Vardaman, too, has been furious in his contempt for the negroes of his State; he has advocated hotly the withholding from the colored race of all public schools except those that can be supported by small taxes paid by colored men themselves. Apparently the majority of Democratic voters are willing to injure their own State—for the proposition to keep a majority of its inhabitants in ignorance is a proposition to injure the State as a whole—under the curious idea that thereby they assert their own superiority. Of all the citizens in this country, those most disheartened at this result will be among Mississippi Democrats themselves. Governor Longino, an enlightened, able man, has been defeated for the United States Senate by Senator Money, a hard, implacable contemner of the negroes; and now Judge Critz, a man who stands for humane and intelligent dealings with the black race, has been defeated by a vulgar demagogue. It looks as if Mississippi had decided, temporarily at least, to make of itself a promoter of ignorance and illiteracy, and no one can deplore this so much as loyal Mississippians. Fortunately, the State Constitution stands in the way of Vardaman's policy, as well as the enlightened public sentiment of the whole South.

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The Democratic Conventions

Next to the Democratic primaries in Mississippi last week, the most important political events were the Democratic conventions in Ohio and Nebraska. In Nebraska it was known in advance that the Democratic Convention would be dominated by Mr. Bryan, and would favor fusion with the Populists, but the attitude of the Populist Convention, assembled at the same time in another city, was in doubt, as ex-Senator Allen, the Populist leader, had recently signed a declaration against continued fusion with the Democrats. In both conventions, however, Mr. Bryan's programme was accepted almost unanimously, and the two parties enter another campaign with a single ticket. In Ohio the close contest between the radical and conservative factions of the Democratic party, led respectively by Mayor Johnson and Mr. Zimmerman, was settled in favor of the former by a series of decisions for his side wherever two sets of delegates claimed seats in the Convention. Mayor Johnson was then nominated for Governor by acclamation, and a platform was adopted indorsing Mr. Bryan's programme on all National issues and Mayor Johnson's on all State issues. It was noteworthy, however, that in reaffirming the Kansas City platform the Convention merely denounced "financial monopoly," instead of demanding the restoration of silver to the currency. On the questions of imperialism, trusts, tariff, and the direct election of United States Senators, its reaffirmation of the Kansas City platform was specific and unqualified. A separate resolution was incorporated in the platform inviting Mr. Bryan to take part in the Ohio campaign. On State issues the platform demanded the equal taxation of corporate property, home rule for cities, and the public ownership of municipal monopolies. For United States Senator, in the event of the election of a Democratic Legislature, the Convention named John H. Clarke, of Cleveland, a leading Gold Democrat in the campaign of 1896. This nomination was bitterly opposed by the extreme silver men, but was finally accepted through Mr. Johnson's influence. It was a Johnson convention, and is certain to be followed by a vehement Johnson and anti-Johnson campaign.

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Child Labor Reform Rejected in Georgia

The Georgia Legislature has defied the rising public sentiment against the exploitation of child labor in factories by defeating the very moderate bill urged by the reformers. By reason of this adverse action Georgia holds the unenviable position of being the only manufacturing State in the South without a child labor law—the recent agitation having brought Virginia, the two Carolinas, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Tennessee, and Kentucky all in line for restriction. The commercial majority in the Georgia Legislature evidently feels that its course requires apologies, and it has offered an interesting variety. One of the most noteworthy is that the defeated bill, which had been eloquently championed by the Hon. Thomas E. Watson, the Populist leader, was really a Populist measure, and therefore had been rejected by the Democratic Legislature. For a Democratic Legislature to reject any measure because of prior Populist indorsement is certainly a droll proceeding, of which none but a Rip Van Winkle who had been asleep since 1896 could fail to see the humor. Another excuse only less futile is that the child labor bill was urged by the trades-unions as their measure, and therefore was rejected as class legislation. This excuse does indeed call attention to the lack of diplomacy and also of disinterestedness shown by the labor unions in their support of the reform. Like many other societies, they seemed more anxious that their organization should get the credit of the legislation than that the legislation should be secured. But certainly it is a little incongruous that Legislatures which pass bills to further manufacturing, commercial, and farming interests at the instance of manufacturers', merchants', and farmers' organizations, should refuse to pass an act to protect the children of wage-earners because the organizations representing the wage-earners demand it. The third noteworthy apology offered by the Legislature for its rejection of the child labor bill urged by the reformers has been the passage of a bill urged by no one—and combated by no one—decreeing heavy penalties against idle fathers who permit themselves to be supported by their little children. Of this statute a Southern correspondent aptly says:

> This law was passed to placate the conscience of the State. It is very well as far as it goes, but I personally regard it as a "fake" pure and simple.
>
> 1. It is itself a confession that a child labor law is necessary.
> 2. It crudely and ostentatiously attempts to meet this necessity by throwing the odium upon the poor parent rather than on the mills.
> 3. The law is so loosely framed that it can do little real good. It will hardly be seriously applied, but if it is applied and if parents are imprisoned or heavily fined, its economic effect must be more child labor rather than less—inasmuch as the burden of need in the family will be sharply increased.
>
> There should certainly be condemnation of the faithless parent, but the mills—in many cases—have been conscious and deliberate parties to their faithlessness. Their defeat of a child labor law and their attempt now to throw the burden of responsibility wholly upon the fathers and mothers in a singularly ignorant and helpless class of operatives is ignoble.

Such legislation is so clearly a makeshift that its passage cannot long delay the adoption of the measure demanded by the public conscience of all advanced communities.

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The Wrong Kind of Industrial Harmony

Apart from the action of Recorder Goff in sentencing Samuel Parks to imprisonment for two and a half years for the crime of extortion, and the decision of Judge Gray mainly in favor of the Alabama miners in the arbitration case submitted to him as umpire, the most interesting labor news of the past fortnight has related to the new form of alliance between employers and employed recently brought to light in Chicago. This alliance—or "conspiracy" as it is naturally termed by some of its victims—has grown out of agreements between employers' unions and labor unions in various trades. In these agreements the employers' union agrees not to hire any men not connected with the labor union, and the labor union on its side agrees not to work for any employer not connected with the employers' union. Under these agreements the employers advance the men's wages, and through them are enabled to advance prices to the public, as they are all assured that their competitors are paying as much more for labor as they are. But the advance in prices has not stopped at this point. The employers' union, being secured against outside competition by its contract with the labor union, has in some instances set to work to put a stop to competition among its members. Among the roofers, for example, according to a statement recently made by one of their number, the employers' association finally went to the extreme length of determining by lot which one of their number should put in the lowest bid for work offered. "The man who won would set his price, add enough to give those in the pool a big share of the spoils, and then add five per cent. more so as to enable the association to build up a general fund." Of course such conspiracies have been frequent where the public has let contracts and the number of probable bidders has been limited, but such a comprehensive conspiracy against private bidders is practically without precedent. The Sheet Metal Contractors' Association, according to the charges recently filed against them in a suit for $100,000 damages brought by an aggrieved contractor, has even gone so far as to abet the use of intimidation to prevent employers not in the Association from securing employees. Of course such charges must be taken with allowance, but the fact remains that these associations through their contracts with the unions are really able to exclude outside competition, and within a certain range fix what percentage of profit the association must get on all work done by its members. The whole chapter further enforces the lesson that the privilege of combination on the part of capitalists, on the part of laborers, and on the part of capitalists with laborers, must be carefully guarded by law and by alert public sentiment, or the public is sure to be victimized.

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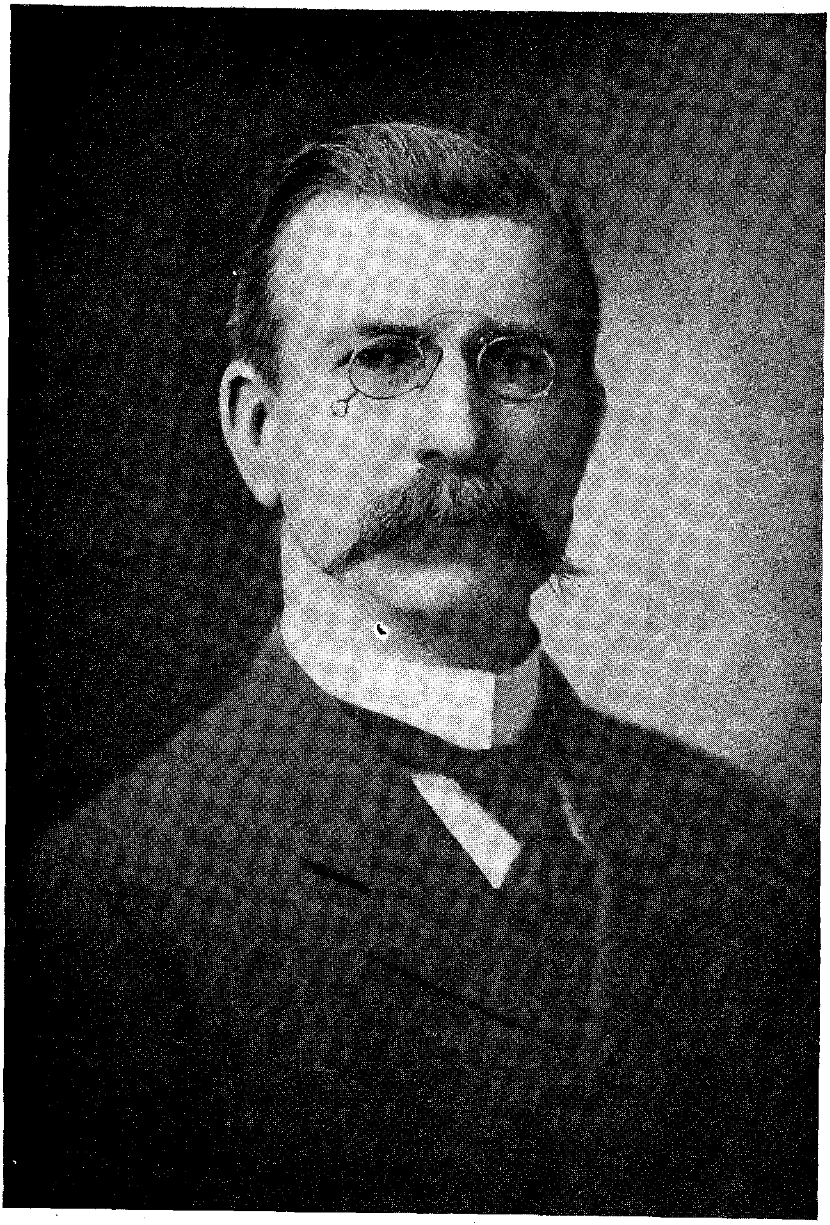
The New Governor of the Philippines If there were any doubt as to whether complete harmony in regard to the policy of the United States in the Philippines exists between President Roosevelt, Governor Taft, who is to succeed Mr. Root as Secretary of War, and the new Governor-General of the Philippines, General Luke E. Wright, that doubt would be instantly dispelled by reading the utterances of General Wright at a banquet held in his honor at Memphis last November. Apart from this, it would seem an absurdity on the face of it that such a disagreement of policy should exist, as there is no law or custom requiring the promotion of a Vice-Governor to the office of Governor-General, and it might reasonably be supposed that the President would select for that important office a man whose views agreed substantially with his own. But as some newspapers have professed to see in the selection of General Wright a concession to that sentiment in the Philippines which would disregard the interests of the natives and would prefer more of the military and less of the civil element in the government, it may be worth while to recall the fact that General Wright long ago took strong and positive positions on these subjects. Thus, in the speech above referred to—an address which we may next week present to our readers in full—General Wright expressed full approval of President McKinley's belief that in inaugurating a scheme of government it should be assumed that "however inexperienced and unfit the Filipino people then were to govern themselves, they could by education and proper guidance in time probably become fit," and that from the beginning they should have "such a share in the government as they were capable of undertaking, that share to be increased from time to time as might be warranted by experience." Of Mr. McKinley's instructions to the first Civil Commission—instructions which General Wright said he understood were actually drafted by Secretary Root—General Wright says:

> So far as could be done by precept and injunction, Mr. McKinley sought to establish government in the Philippines primarily for the benefit of the Filipino people themselves. These instructions were an appeal to their intelligence and confidence. No Filipino could read this message of good will without a sentiment of thankfulness for the future it promised. No American could read it without an increased admiration and affection for the President and his great War Secretary, and a firm purpose to deal justly with this long-suffering and unfortunate people, so suddenly placed in our hands by a strange providence. This document will take rank as a classic among state papers, and is worthy of comparison with the best productions of American statesmanship. To the Commission it was not only chart and compass, but an inspiration impelling their best efforts.

It is interesting also to note that in this same address General Wright declared positively that the alleged friction between the military and civil authorities had been greatly exaggerated, and, "speaking broadly, had no real existence." The fact that Governor Wright has been in National political matters a Democrat is an assurance, if such assurance were needed, that the policy of absolute non-partisanship in the government of our insular possessions is paramount. General Wright has a long and honorable record for executive service and for ability in the legal profession. He was for eight years Attorney-General in his native State, Tennessee, was later made a member of the Philippine Commission, and his personal force and administrative skill soon led to his appointment as Vice-Governor-General under Judge Taft. While the latter was in this country and in Rome, General Wright was the Acting Governor, and his conduct in that position was entirely



GENERAL LUKE E. WRIGHT

acceptable alike to the Americans in the Philippines and to the Filipinos themselves.

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The Macedonian Insurrection On Thursday of last week the daily express from Budapest to Constantinople was blown up twenty-five miles south of Adrianople. Seven persons were killed and fifteen injured. The cars were ruined by dynamite bombs, perhaps thrown by revolutionists who traveled on the train. This is the first fruit of the notice served week before last on all railway companies with lines running through the Balkans that the rebels would blow up trains as one feature of their campaign against the Sultan. The railway companies were urged by the revolutionists to discontinue carrying passengers; it now remains to be seen whether this additional and terrible warning will have any effect. In Adrianople itself a massacre of Christians has taken place; and at twenty places throughout the vilayet or district fighting is reported to have occurred, with heavy loss on both sides. In the western districts also fighting continues; the additional information which has now come to hand concerning the capture of Krushevo would indicate that the treachery, pillage, and murder of the revolutionists were quite as horrible as any ever perpetrated by the Turks. The revolutionists are now fighting the Turk with his own weapon; there can be little to choose between the opposing forces so far as methods are concerned. The excitement in Bulgaria and Servia is increasing. In both lands a general feeling exists that the time has come for national expansion—that is to say, that, if Bulgaria becomes the protector of Macedonia, Servia shall become the protector of the mountainous region across its own border. The Sultan is not unmindful of the critical condition of his empire in Europe. He has called to the colors all of the remaining reserves, thus bringing the total of his army in Macedonia to almost double the force utilized in the Greco-Turkish war. The question now is, Can he keep his troops from further fearful excesses? The sky has thus grown blacker week by week in Macedonia. It may be that, through horrible savagery on both sides, the Macedonians may obtain that autonomy promised to them by treaty in 1887. Let us hope so; for without it there can be seemingly no peace in the Balkans, and any unrest there must necessarily be a menace to all Europe.

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Religious Strife in England The enforcement of the new Education Act in England shows that the "passive resistance" to it, described in Mr. Horne's recent article in The Outlook, is not confined to the Nonconformists. Several members of the Established Church appear in the lists of persons summoned for refusal to pay the education rate. Among these a prominent layman positively refused to pay for the maintenance of Roman Catholic schools, four of which were in his district. The law now puts the support of these, as well as the Anglican Church schools, upon the public. An Anglican clergyman has joined the passive resisters, and another has denounced the imposition of sectarian tests upon the head masters of schools supported by public money. The English papers report the commencement of legal proceedings in over fifty places against persons who refuse to pay the education rate. Actions against such persons are brought into court in batches, in the city of Bath seventy at once, and distress warrants for the seizure and sale of household or other goods are issued against the recusants. These legal proceedings are not without occasional excesses: in one case goods of the minimum value of $50 were distrained to satisfy a rate of less than $2. In some cases magistrates retire from the bench to avoid participation in the proceedings; in other cases auctioneers decline to sell the goods seized. At the sales of goods they are bought in by friends of the recusants. After the proceedings in court public meetings in denunciation of the Act fan the flame of opposition. The passive resistance movement now includes some twenty thousand avowed supporters, and seems to be spreading. Its immediate consequence is an embittered feeling against the Established Church, which the clerical promoters of the Act could hardly have foreseen. The animus of the resistance to the Act is the emancipation of the public schools from the control of the Established Church. In Wales, where the population is overwhelmingly Nonconformist, a great majority of the County Councils have declared hostility to the Act, and threaten to render it unworkable. The special Education Act for the city of London, which has just been passed, may not work any more smoothly.

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The Zionists Last week the annual Zionist Congress convened at Basle, Switzerland. It will be notable in the history of Zionist conferences because of the British offer to establish a colony in East Africa. Sir Clement Hill, Superintendent of African Protectorates under the Foreign Office, through Mr. Greenberg, a delegate to the Congress, made an interesting proposal on behalf of the Marquis of Lansdowne, British Foreign Secretary. The latter's plan will attract attention from all Jews and from very many who are not Jews. Sir Clement says that Lord Lansdowne is prepared to entertain favorably proposals for the establishment of a Jewish colony in East Africa in such manner as to enable its members to observe their national customs, and is prepared to discuss the details of the scheme. These would include the grant of a considerable area of land, the appointment of a Jewish official as chief of the local administration, and permission to the colonists to have a free hand in municipal legislation. On its part the British Government would have the rights of general control, and of reoccupation if the settlement should be unsuccessful. It is said that the territory to be offered for this purpose is an elevated tract two hundred miles long on the Uganda Railway. If the latest report of the Commissioner for the Uganda Protectorate is justified, the oppressed Jews of Russia and Rumania who may go thither are to be congratulated. The Commissioner describes this region as almost unparalleled in tropical Africa, being admirably watered, fertile, cool, covered with noble forests, almost uninhabited, and as healthy for Europeans as is Great Britain. We are not surprised, therefore, that the Zionist Congress appointed a committee to be sent to East Africa to investigate the situation. It is not understood that the acceptance of the British offer will end the efforts which have been directed towards re-establishing the Jewish nation in Zion, that is, in Palestine. East Africa may be a desirable place for colonization, but, as some American Zionists said last week in discussing the matter, "it is not our country." It is probable, however, that an acceptance of the British scheme might, for a time at least, somewhat check the effort toward Palestine colonization. At all events, it will probably change a little the aspect of the Zionist movement; henceforth the religious aspect may not be so dominant as it has been; the practical aspect will come more to the fore. Even among Zionists who hold as an ultimate ideal that the Jews ought to return to Jerusalem and to its surrounding country, there is a strong feeling, especially since the Kishenev massacre with its revelation of oppression, that some Jewish colony ought to be started somewhere at once.

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The Christianizing of Japan

Just now Japan is of special interest politically, but its condition seems to us of even greater significance as regards religion and morality. Last winter and spring the interest in religion was evident in the large attendance at the lectures of President Hall, of Union Seminary, throughout the country. We are gratified to hear that converts to Christianity are steadily increasing in numbers, as a result of the faithful labors of the missionaries in Japan, and that a real interest in Christianity now pervades every rank in society. At a recent anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association in Tokyo, Baron Maejima, an ex-Cabinet officer, said:

> I firmly believe we must have religion as the basis of our national and personal welfare. No matter how large an army or navy we may have, unless we have righteousness at the foundation of our national existence we shall fall short of the highest success. I do not hesitate to say that we must rely upon religion for our highest welfare. And when I look about me to see what religion we may best rely upon, I am convinced that the religion of Christ is the one most full of strength and promise for the nation.

Another Cabinet officer, and this time a Prime Minister, recently sought to obtain a principal for a Government school in which men are to be educated for official political position. He chose Dr. Motoda, the Rector of Grace Church, Tokyo, and Vice-President of the Young Men's Christian Association. Among other vice-presidents, we note an admiral and a chief justice, while the President of the Association is Mr. Kataoka, the President of the Lower House of the Japanese Parliament. If Christianity is thus recognized by the political powers that be, the educational influences in Japan are also being moved. The new Professor of English Literature at the Tokyo Imperial University is the Rev. Arthur Lloyd, one of the most indefatigable Christian workers in Japan. He was not chosen because he was a Christian, but neither was he debarred on this account, as might have been the case some time ago.

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Christian Morality in Japan

Another interesting fact in connection with the University of Tokyo is the establishment by the Rev. B. T. Sakai, a Japanese Christian, of a hostel, or lodging-place. Three buildings have already been secured, and rooms are rented to students who do not object to Christian instruction although they may have no intention themselves of becoming Christians. At present the house is full, and there is a large waiting-list. The reason for this popularity in a student population of five thousand is that many Japanese non-Christians now recognize the permeation throughout the nation of the Christian ethical code. They may not be ready to accept Christianity as a religion, but, unless we greatly mistake present conditions, they are more than ready to accept the Christian morality. For instance, Count Okuma, the ex-Premier, in a recent address said:

> It is a question whether as a people we have not lost moral fiber as a result of the many new influences to which we have been subjected. . . . Development has been intellectual and not moral. The efforts which Christians are making to supply to the country a high standard of conduct are welcomed by all right-thinking people. As you read your Bible you may think it is antiquated, out of date. The words it contains may so appear, but the noble life which it holds up to admiration is something that will never be out of date, however much the world may progress. Live and preach this life, and you will supply to the nation just what it needs at the present juncture.

These evidences of the progress of Christianity and morality show the fruit of the work which America began many years ago in making a new nation, Japan. The wonderful progress there in every department of life is due, we believe, more to American influences than to all others combined. Such success should make us at once proud and humble.

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The Brotherhood of the Kingdom

The Brotherhood of the Kingdom is an interdenominational organization of clergymen and others who view social questions from a Christian point of view. In its annual Conference, held recently at Marlborough, New York, the central topic, the reorganization of society under the domination of the teachings and character of Jesus, was freely discussed. Such reorganization of society was conceived as identical with the kingdom of God, and everything which could be included in the field of human activity as pertaining to that kingdom. In accordance with this idea, every effort for righteousness being a force for the furtherance of this one end, there was continued emphasis on the thought of human brotherhood. A series of addresses on the social teachings of the Bible afforded admirable illustration of the modern method of Bible study as bringing out practical results, yielding clearly ascertained facts, and leading to wide application. The series showed the value of a systematic, historical study of the Old Testament as leading to clearer views of the New Testament, which in turn leads to belief in the present-day revelation of God. As one speaker expressed it, "the infidelity that does most harm to-day is not the infidelity outside the Church of Christ, but the infidelity within the Church that does not realize that God can be seen and known within our own souls." One of the evidences of the wisdom of those who took part in the Conference is the fact that a distinction was made between the application of the teachings of Jesus to present conditions and any particular social programme. Such a Conference as this bears witness to the increasing numbers of those who conceive of Christianity not merely as a means of saving individuals here and there from destruction, but as a positive force for the establishment of a divine order of life in the earth.

Frederick Law Olmsted The death last week, at the age of eighty-one, of Frederick Law Olmsted, the landscape architect, removes not only the greatest man of his profession in this country, but the actual founder of the profession. To him and to the men whom he trained and inspired are due in a large measure the unsurpassed beauty of many American parks and the planning and execution of many schemes of municipal adornment. Mr. Olmsted's early training as a farmer and horticulturist led him to take a special interest in parks and pleasure-grounds, and about fifty years ago he studied these and kindred subjects through the practical method of a pedestrian trip through Europe. Later on, a horseback journey of four thousand miles in the United States, undertaken with a view to study the economic condition of the Southern States, gave further opportunity for observation and criticism on rural subjects. This observation and special study were continued abroad and at home for several years, and it was the fund of knowledge gained in this way about pleasure-grounds, botanical and zoölogical gardens, and the laying out of suburban districts, that enabled him in 1857 to assume the task of laying out Central Park in New York City, with ability and skill of a kind possessed by no other man in this country. The beauty of Central Park developed as years went on, and Mr. Olmsted's fame continually increased; it is thought by experts that nowhere in the world can be seen a finer adaptation of means to ends, a more intelligent use of a limited space in such a way as to disguise the limitations and enhance the beauty, than in Central Park to-day. Immediately after the Civil War (throughout which Mr. Olmsted served as the organizing member of the National Sanitary Commission) he associated with him Mr. Calvert Vaux, whose skill as a landscape architect was almost equal to his own. Together, and with later associates, Mr. Olmsted and Mr. Vaux were employed upon about eighty public recreation-grounds and innumerable private enterprises. To give a list of the works done would almost be to give a list of the municipal pleasure-grounds of the country. A few of the more noted are, Prospect Park in Brooklyn, the design for the grounds of the Capitol at Washington, the plan for the Reservation at Niagara Falls, the laying out of the grounds for the Chicago World's Fair, Riverside Drive and Morningside Park in New York, the Arnold Arboretum and Back Bay Fens in Boston. Mr. Olmsted's primacy in his profession was recognized not only in this country, but abroad. He bore honorary degrees and titles from many institutions in America and Europe. He not only wrote articles and books on his own special subject, but published several works on industrial and agricultural topics, while the narratives of his journeys, and particularly his "Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England," were cordially received by the general reading public.

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Charles C. Bonney Probably Charles Carroll Bonney, who died in Chicago last week, was best known to the general public as the President of the World's Congresses of the Columbian Exposition, but to all who are interested in the cause of civic righteousness he will also be remembered as one of the most active originators of the Law and Order League, and as President for many years of this Society, which had as its prime purpose the enforcement of obedience and respect for existing laws. In a quiet and unobtrusive way Mr. Bonney was a most effective worker in many directions. He had the cause of education warmly at heart; he was a lawyer of great ability and wrote treatises of value on the subjects of railway law and insurance; he was a successful teacher and had much to do with establishing the educational system of Illinois as it exists to-day; he was a public speaker of force and ability. The so-called Parliament of Religions at Chicago owed its inception as well as its practical working out largely to Mr. Bonney's efforts, and it has been said that he was president in fact as well as in name of each and every congress held under the general plan of the World's Congresses. His administrative ability and his unflagging energy were exerted throughout to make this undertaking of permanent value and of world-reaching scope.

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International Contests The victory of the Reliance over the Shamrock III. in the second of the actual races for America's Cup makes the final result of the series almost unquestioned. It is true that the second race was comparatively close, as in a distance of thirty nautical miles the Reliance won by only one minute and nineteen seconds, corrected time, while the general opinion of yachtsmen was that the Shamrock was poorly handled at the start of the race. Yet the triangular course sailed was, it is thought, likely to be more advantageous to Shamrock III. than the windward run, while the relative speed of the yachts in the attempt to race on Thursday, which proved a failure, was such as to strengthen the opinion that the Reliance has nothing to fear from her English competitor. The failure to make a race on Thursday, and the abandonment of the race on Saturday because of the tempestuous weather, undoubtedly had the effect of somewhat dampening public interest in the yacht races. Two interesting suggestions have been made for bringing about races in which the interest would certainly be extremely eager; one is that the Reliance and Shamrock III. should race with an interchange of crews; the other that the Columbia, the Constitution, and the Reliance should race with Shamrock II. and Shamrock III. The first suggestion could hardly prove as acceptable to the yacht-owners as it would be to the general public; the second is said not to be practicable, but would certainly afford the finest race ever seen in these waters. The American public continue to admire and like Sir Thomas Lipton, and his conduct under defeat has strengthened this feeling. It is to be regretted that sensational papers have published stories, without the slightest foundation, which have rightly annoyed Sir Thomas. The only feeling of indignation he has ever displayed in this country has been because of insinuations that his designer or captain or crew were unfaithful to him. Such insinuations were not only baseless but might easily have been shown to be so by proper inquiry; any reputable paper would have declined to print them.——For the first time the American lawn-tennis championship has been won by a player who is not an American. H. L. Doherty, champion of Great Britain, won the National Tournament and then defeated Mr. Larned, the defender of the title, American champion. Mr. Doherty and his brother have won the honors in "doubles" in this country. They have won also the high regard of all who value thorough sportsmanship. An international bond based on moral qualities is none the less strengthened because displayed in athletic games.

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Two Minutes "Flat" One American ideal has at last been attained. An American mare has trotted a mile in two minutes. That mare, Lou Dillon, is now more famous than many an able man. She has appeared in public on the track only five times, and her feat is regarded for that reason as all the more wonderful. "To go like two-forty" is a phrase that even to-day survives as a memory of the time when a horse was considered fast that trotted in two minutes and forty seconds. In 1867 Dexter, whose name figured for years on many a boy's sled, trotted the mile in 2.17¼. Year by year these figures were reduced; 2.10 became the ideal, and Jay-Eye-See reached it. Then Maud S. passed that mark to 2.08¾. Improvements in the construction of the racing sulky partly accounted for the achievement of Nancy Hanks when she trotted in 2.04. Then fractions of seconds were taken off the record until this past week, when Lou Dillon reduced the record by two seconds and a half in one clip. She was aided by a canvas shield borne before her by a running horse to keep the wind from retarding her speed. Nevertheless, her record shows indubitably an improvement in the breed of horses. An interesting test would be to send her over a mile track with a high sulky and under the same conditions that obtained in 1885, when the record was 2.08¾.

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The Change in the War Department

In the resignation of Elihu Root as Secretary of War, made public last week, the country suffers a serious loss. Mr. Root has held his position since July, 1899, when he was appointed by President McKinley. In his letter of resignation Mr. Root mentions the completion of this four-year term of office and the establishment of the General Staff of the army (which he devised and promoted) as furnishing an opportune occasion for following his own wish to retire to private life. They may furnish an occasion for retirement, but they furnish at the same time abundant reasons for profound regret that he is to cease his great public service to his country.

His resignation will probably not take effect until next January. President Roosevelt has designated William H. Taft, now Governor of the Philippines, as Secretary Root's successor. Vice-Governor Luke E. Wright, of whom we speak elsewhere, will take Governor Taft's present office, and Mr. Wright's place will be filled by Judge H. C. Ide, of the Philippine Commission. In the meantime Mr. Root will continue to act as Secretary of War.

In accepting Mr. Root's resignation, President Roosevelt, after expressing his own sense not only of personal loss, but also of the loss to the Nation as a whole, and congratulating him on the success which has crowned his various projects and recommendations, states his own appreciation of the peculiar qualities of Mr. Root's achievements in these words:

> Your duties have included more than merely the administration of the Department and the reorganization of the army on an effective basis. You have also been the head of the department which dealt with the vast and delicate problems involved in our possession of the Philippine Islands, and your success in dealing with this part of your work has been as signal as your success in dealing with the purely military problems.
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> To very few statesmen, indeed, in any country, is it given, alone and at the same time, to achieve signal and striking triumphs in the administration and reform of the military branch of the Government and in the administration of what was in effect a department of insular dependencies, where the problems were new to our people and were in themselves of great difficulty.

As time shows the effects of Mr. Root's achievements, the truth of the President's words will become increasingly apparent. Without the stimulus of a big war, such as that which the Civil War furnished to Stanton, rather with the drag of a reaction following the excitement of a small war, Secretary Root was confronted with the peculiarly complicated problem of utilizing a military machine, which itself needed reconstruction, for a piece of work that the Nation had never before undertaken. In the four years he not only did the work, but he reconstructed the machine at the same time.

His reconstruction of the machine was consummated by Congress in the passage of the Militia Bill and the General Staff Bill. By the former bill the several States are given the chance to affiliate their citizen soldiery with the Federal army, so that they may be able to furnish in time of war volunteer troops already prepared in organization, discipline, and accouterments for efficient service. By the General Staff Bill the army is furnished adequately with what Mr. Root himself describes as "the directing brain which every army must have." It is the General Staff which studies the conditions which the army may be called upon to meet and devises practicable methods by which military undertakings under those conditions may be carried out. Thus Mr. Root has developed both body and brain of the American army.

In the meantime, while reorganizing the army, he has used it. He has had the genius to see what the possibilities of an army in a democracy are. Under his direction it has carried out sanitary measures, stamped out disease, maintained hospitals, administered laws, conducted schools, preserved order, relieved want, guarded the rights of electors. Mr. Root has made of the army, not a mere fighting machine, but a great constructive power.

In addition to bringing about these

specific innovations, he has reorganized his department. His predecessor, General Alger, had shown remarkable talent in making confusion worse confounded. Secretary Root found chaos, he has brought out of it order. He has untied some Gordian knots and has cut others. He has, for instance, established a system of records as a basis for making promotion the result of efficiency instead of favoritism and seniority. And he has proceeded in his course of reorganization, creation, and administration in spite of opposition from the inertia of officialdom, from public indifference, from the hostility of corruption and favoritism, and from some reckless journals eager to magnify every mistake and dumb as echoless rocks regarding every good service rendered by the army. In it all he has been ready to give information when asked for it courteously, as we know by experience, and yet has been, as to all flings at his personal motives, absolutely silent.

At the same time Mr. Root has been a sane and influential counselor in the Cabinet. The President in his letter recognizes with words of praise Mr. Root's high services outside the province of his department.

Not the least regrettable effect of Mr. Root's resignation is the loss of Governor Taft to the Philippines. In those islands he has stood immovably against all those tendencies that would make of them merely rich fields for exploitation. He has made enemies of whom he has a right to be proud; and friends as well. He has succeeded in transforming the suspicion of the Filipinos into loyalty. In all this there is nothing mysterious; the reason for his success is plain to those who read these words of his, as he told both Americans and foreigners that "if they found fault with the way the government was being run here, they could leave the islands; that the government was being run for the Filipinos." Governor Taft leaves the Philippines, however, only to take an office where his authority and influence concerning their administration, though not so direct, will be even greater than it is now. He belongs to that rare type of public man whose ambition is solely to render indispensable service as efficiently as possible. He has illustrated what to many is a hard saying, "He that is the greater among you, let him become as the younger; and he that is chief, as he that doth serve." To the Cabinet, too, he will bring those judicial qualities of mind which made it natural for people, even after he was made Governor, to call him Judge Taft.

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Turkey and America

Although the report that William C. Maglessen, American Vice-Consul at Beirut, Syria, had been assassinated proved incorrect as regards the actual death of the Vice-Consul, it remains true that a representative of the United States was attacked with murderous intent and that this attack was an outcome of Turkish misrule and fanatical hatred of foreigners. On the receipt of the report of the murder our State Department demanded the immediate arrest and punishment of the guilty persons, and President Roosevelt instructed Admiral Cotton, commanding the European squadron, to move to Beirut to support these demands. This order was not countermanded when the original report was denied.

This event, following so closely upon the assassination of the Russian Consuls at Mitrovitsa and Monastir in European Turkey, has created strong feeling against the Sultan. The attack upon our Vice-Consul was presumably the work of some local fanatic; there is probably no connection between it and the murders of the Russian Consuls in European Turkey, or between it and the Macedonian insurrection. But it is indeed unfortunate for the Sultan that during this rebellion there should be serious evidence of disorder in his Asiatic dominions, not only in Armenia, but even in more civilized Beirut.

The reign of terror, outrage, and oppression in Turkey has for centuries been a blot on the world's civilization. Europe has not been able to put an end to the disgrace; it is now the world's business. Just at this moment it is that of the United States in particular. Not only must proper investigation be made as to this attempt on an American official's life, but the centers of missionary civilization, Beirut, Harput, Constantinople, Salonika, must be protected, first of all in our interests, but also in the Turk's own. As with the "open door" in China America succeeded where England did not, so in ridding Europe of an intolerable situation America may possibly succeed where the Powers have failed.

For, in our opinion, and in that of the best European observers, American missionaries, teachers, and physicians have already done more than all others to civilize Turkey proper, while the Bulgarian principality (still under the Turk's nominal suzerainty) owes most of its well-being to the American teachers at Robert College, Constantinople. It is thus not surprising that the physical value of American institutions in the Turkish Empire should equal that of all the institutions there belonging to the European Powers. So little do the Turks appreciate American education, however, that at this moment a professor at our Euphrates College at Harput is imprisoned on unproved charges of sedition and the college buildings are in danger of destruction. They have been destroyed once (during the Armenian massacres of 1895), but have risen from their ashes, as should every temporarily checked cultural enterprise. The intolerable situation at Harput has led the American Board to make a direct appeal to President Roosevelt, based not only on the attack on Euphrates College, but on a despatch from Mr. Peet, the treasurer of the American Board at Constantinople, which states that the fanaticism at Harput is almost beyond control and that delay in action will be dangerous. Again, as Americans obtained new ports in China because they had no territorial ambition to make the natives suspicious of our motives, so we have the same vantage-ground for dealings with Turkey. Finally, American diplomacy is a policy of frankness and firmness, not of evasion and shiftiness. To gain his point with China, Secretary Hay did not engage in a game of "bluff" by threatening a war in Asia, neither did he enter the tortuous labyrinth of European diplomacy. Frankness, kindness, firmness, and tact succeeded where the old-fashioned diplomacy failed.

These advantages should stand us in good stead in now demanding, not only ample reparation for the attack upon our Vice-Consul and protection for the college at Harput, but also, what should be ours under any circumstances, the concession to our civilizing institutions in Turkey of the immunities and privileges already enjoyed, for instance, by the German religious, educational, and charitable institutions there.

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Chamberlainism and Canada

With characteristic keenness, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, British Colonial Secretary, has seized upon a psychological moment to institute his protectionist propaganda. He proposes to benefit the British Empire in general and England in particular.

Englishmen have recently been somewhat alarmed at their commercial position. More than ever they are overwhelmed by "Made in Germany" goods at home, while throughout the world their markets are invaded by American trade. They have become pessimistic on the subject. Just at this moment Mr. Chamberlain deftly takes advantage of their morbidness. He has a sovereign remedy ready for them—protection! He thinks that people will not stop long enough to inquire whether his may not be a quack remedy. It has made America and Germany great, he tells them, and would restore whatever of England's greatness may have been seemingly lost. He omits to say, however, that enormous natural resources and the quality of our people have given America success despite a protection long since no more needed than in England, and that German greatness is due, not to protection, but to a geographical position in the center of Europe giving advantage as a distributing agency, to natural resources, and to superior commercial education.

But England has another and more important interest to serve by the use of

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the Chamberlain remedy, says its compounder, namely, the integrity of the British Empire. The Colonial Secretary declares that without a substantial fiscal inducement to the colonies the Empire cannot continue. This statement will hardly be regarded as reasonable by any but the small number of English protectionists or by the larger number now commercially distracted enough to turn to any one who promises them relief. The "substantial fiscal inducement" by which, according to Mr. Chamberlain, England is to be saved, is a preference in English markets for colonial goods, especially foodstuffs—he is careful not to add that, in the long run, a tax on food would be paid by the consumer, however much the process might be disguised. In return for this, the colonies are to grant (1) a preference for English goods in their markets; (2) a contribution for the general Imperial defense. Thus, while Mr. Chamberlain's object is probably more political than commercial, the commercial must precede the political in order to make the latter possible. In other words, if he can secure a new tariff arrangement his efforts to obtain military contributions from the colonies would be made far easier.

Instead of any assurance of Imperial unity, Mr. Chamberlain's proposal seems to have started an endless bickering, as Mr. Carnegie, in a pertinent open letter, declared it would. The immediate burden to England is seen to be a real one, the future benefit from the colonies problematical and perhaps imaginary.

Economically, the position of the manufacturing interests in England was well put by the resolution recently passed at a meeting of all the cotton trade organizations, that their industry "owes its pre-eminence to, and can only be maintained by, the policy of free trade," and that they "will oppose any proposals which, by imposing taxes on food or raw materials and so raising the cost of production and living, will cripple the industry in its already severe struggle to uphold its position in foreign markets." It may be added that four-fifths of the English cotton product is absorbed by foreign markets.

Politically, the session of Parliament just closed leaves the country gravely disquieted; the Chamberlain issue may disrupt the political coalition which during the past seventeen years has governed England. The name "Unionist" has now an ironical sound. Indeed, we may say that if Parliamentary rules of debate had not been restricted there might have been a Cabinet dissolution. It is hardly necessary to add that this is the Liberals' opportunity. It has already brought the veteran leader, Sir William Harcourt, from his sick-bed again into the political arena; one could fancy a far worse fate for Englishmen than to find themselves again under Liberal rule and with Sir William as Prime Minister. Whether this happens or not, many hope that a scheme of colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament will be pushed—a scheme which might do more to bind the colonies not only to the mother country but to one another than could any Imperial Zollverein that has been suggested.

Among the colonies, Canada justly takes a leading place in the general discussion. Despite the one-third tariff preference now given to Great Britain, opinion in the Dominion is by no means altogether in favor of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals—indeed, many Canadians believe that the trade privilege already granted to the mother country and denied to the United States is a mistake. They are right. It is of more importance to Canada to be on commercially good terms with neighboring America than with far-away England. The day may even come when Englishmen themselves will prefer to have good trading relations with their neighbors, the French, than with the distant Australians. We should not be at all surprised if fear of the growth of this neighborly feeling between Canada and the United States first led Mr. Chamberlain to propose his Imperial unity scheme. He sees, as we do, that freer trade between Americans and Canadians would bring them closer together. Continental unity would stand in the way of Imperial unity. Hence, flattering Canadian pride by supposing that some day the Canadians will be able to supply the entire

English market (which exports no foodstuffs and imports almost all the nation's needs in that direction), Mr. Chamberlain makes an offer of advantage to Dominion farmers, but the preference to them must be compensated by a further reduction of duties on English imports into Canada. But this does not please the Canadian manufacturers at all. They have already been attacking the Government because the present preference seriously interferes with their trade. They have been pressing for an increased tariff, though so far without success. The question therefore in Canada—as recently in Germany—is between the agricultural and manufacturing elements.

Commercially and politically more independent as Canadians have become, we believe that they will ultimately turn back from the discussion of reciprocal trade with England to the discussion of reciprocal trade with America. Fortunately for them and for us, the Liberal Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, may be regarded as in considerable degree a continentalist—at least he has always been inclined towards the greatest possible commercial union between his people and ours. He recognizes, as every open-minded observer must, that the condition under which commerce in Canada and the United States can best thrive is, if not free trade, at all events a commercial arrangement involving mutual concessions. The fact that American trade with Canada has increased despite tariff walls is no argument for their retention. It would have increased at least by so much more but for their presence. Let us break them down by a policy of commercial co-operation. We believe that the longer the adoption of this policy is delayed the harder it will be to secure favorable treatment for our manufacturers in Canada—especially in the event of a definite Conservative victory in the next general election there. Some of our traders expect an ultimate Chamberlain triumph for protection in England as well as an immediate Conservative triumph for protection in Canada. This should induce them in their own interest to seek *now* for that which long since ought to have been an accomplished fact—Canadian reciprocity.

"All and in All"

A correspondent writes, quoting from Dr. Lyman Abbott's "The Theology of an Evolutionist" the statement, "All life is God," and asking how this can be reconciled with Christ's statements, "Ye must be born again," "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father it is your will to do," and with the Evangelist's words, "As many as received him, to them gave he the right *to become* children of God." He inquires whether it is not more reasonable to suppose that the glory and beauty of God's dealing with man consists in the fact that man, in the process of his development from the animal, can, by a new birth, become (not is) a son of God.

The secret and source of all life is God. He is over all and in all. In Him we live and move and have our being. All forces are one divine force. All laws are the methods of His operation. All human activities of every kind have the source of their power in the Infinite and the Eternal.

But He gives to us freedom of will to use within certain narrow limits this power which comes from Him. We may use it wisely or foolishly, rightly or wrongly, lovingly or selfishly, for justice and righteousness or for oppression and wrong-doing. This it is which constitutes what Paul calls the exceeding sinfulness of sin, that we take the divine gift of life, the divine equipment of power, and then use it against Him who has given it to us, in a blind endeavor to thwart His righteous will and hinder His loving purpose.

To some extent the question whether man is by nature a son of God or not is a question of words. Let us for a moment drop the phrase and restate in different words the doctrine involved in the phrase. God made man in his own image. This declaration in the first chapter of Genesis underlies the whole Scripture teaching of the relation of man to God. We are all God's offspring. This direct assertion by Paul in his sermon to the Athenians, who were pagans, interprets the whole New Testament teaching on the relation to God. Spiritually man springs from God and partakes of the divine nature. He has a conscience which recognizes the difference between right and wrong, hope and aspiration which look to the future, faith which enables him to see the invisible world, love which binds him to his fellow-men and which should bind him to God. This is what is meant by the statement that man is by nature a son of God. He has come from God. He possesses elements of the divine character, in his reason, his conscience, his higher affections. He is an animal; he has come from lower animals; but he is more than an animal. Whether this something in him which is more than animal has been developed from the lower animal nature, as Darwin and Drummond believe, or has at some epoch in the evolutionary process been implanted in him by the creative energy of God acting on him from without, is a question of philosophy, not of religion. However man has obtained this conscience and reverence, this faith and hope and love, he has them; they constitute his nature; they impose upon him obligations; they should be the supreme and dominant motives of his conduct.

Like the son in the story of the Prodigal, man may wander away from God, but he cannot escape from himself, and therefore he cannot escape from the divine in himself. However far he wanders, however self-debased he may become, he is still one of God's children.

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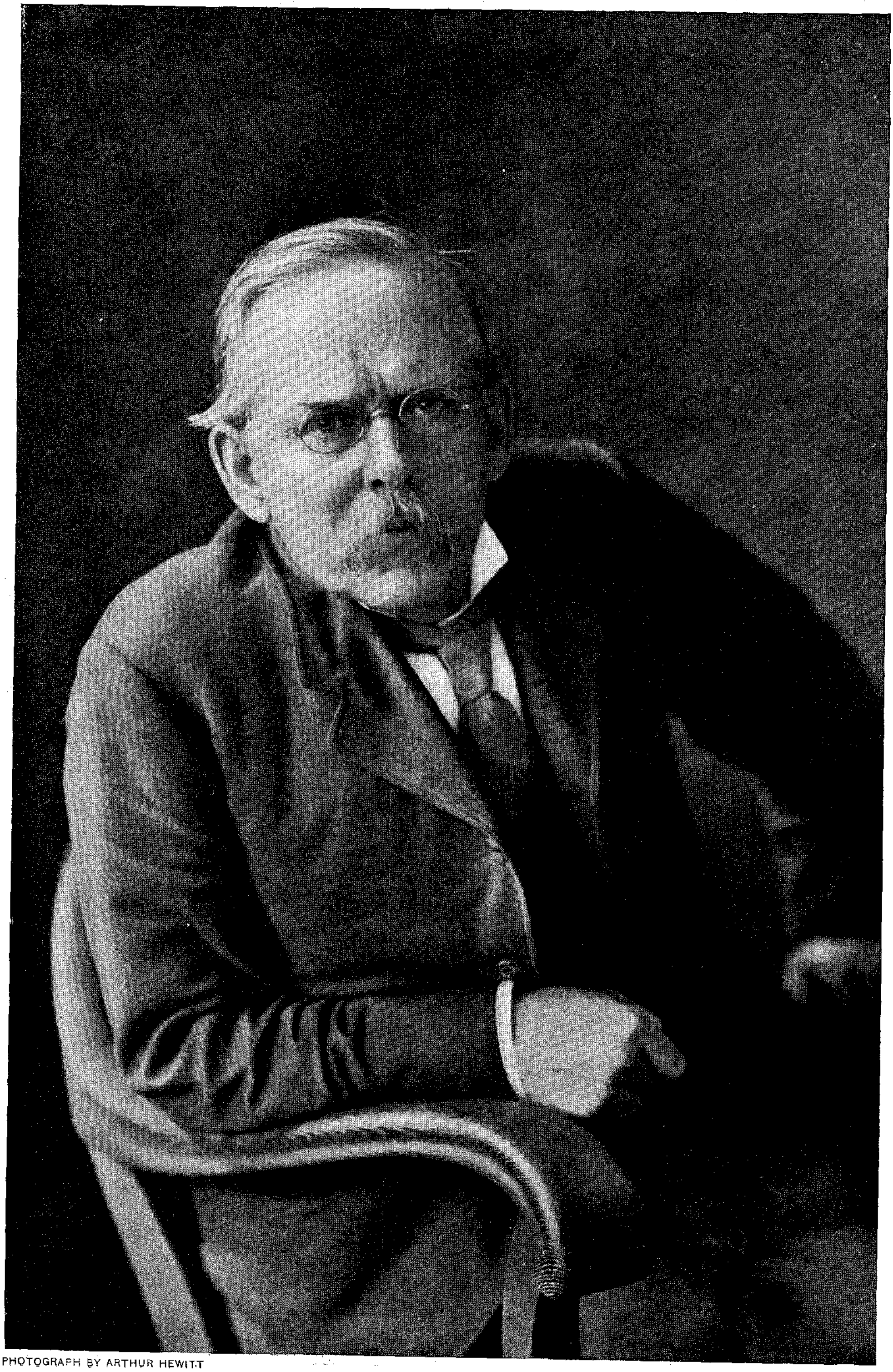
Jacob A. Riis

Readers of "The Making of an American" need neither an introduction to Mr. Riis nor a eulogy of him. The portrait opposite brings out his aggressive vigor and eager earnestness, but no portrait can render his buoyancy of spirit, his simple directness, his fighting grit against corruption and oppression. These qualities permeate his article on another page called "Has Reform Made Good?" This may well be regarded as a companion picture to Mr. Riis's "What Has Tammany Done for the People?" published in The Outlook two years ago. It is impossible for any sensible, straight-thinking citizen of New York to compare the true story of what Tammany stands for, and the true story of what reform has done and is doing, without joining Mr. Riis in his appeal for decency, honesty, and good government. Later on The Outlook will present in more detail the achievements of the several departments of the Low administration; here, through Mr. Riis, it offers a general survey that is at the same time an indictment of Tammany and a clear statement of the points gained during the past two years in the hard fight against tenement abuses, protected vice, blackmail, neglect of children's rights to health, education, and playgrounds, and all that Tammany stood for and still stands for. If the city of New York returns to partisan political methods, it will be in the face of overwhelming evidence; and with downright blows from the shoulder Mr. Riis strikes again, as he often has before, at fraud, vice, and oppression.

Another phase of Mr. Riis's activity will also have especial interest for The Outlook's readers. The friendship of many years between Jacob Riis and Theodore Roosevelt began in their common work for good citizenship. In writing a series of articles about the President's personal and public life Mr. Riis has aptly chosen the title "Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen." In these articles (the first of which will appear, with illustration, in the October Magazine Number of The Outlook) the author will show why, in his opinion, Mr. Roosevelt represents a high type of Americanism. "Nothing can ruin Theodore Roosevelt," writes Mr. Riis, "except his proving unfaithful to his own life, and that he will never do." It is because that life has been that of a man who "is square and will do the square thing always," because, to quote Mr. Riis again, "Theodore Roosevelt's message to his day is that honor goes before profit, that the moral is greater than the material," that The Outlook has planned and Mr. Riis will tell the story of the President's career from the point of view of one who has had opportunity to know at first hand its personal and intimate side.



PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR HEWITT

JACOB A. RIIS

Has Reform made Good?

Jacob A. Riis

I MET a man on the street, the other day, whom I have known for years to be, in a general way, for decency in municipal politics; by which I mean that he was expected to vote the ticket that stood for that, if there was one, in opposition to Tammany, even if he took no other active part. "Business," he used to say, "business!" As though the rest of us had none.

Our talk drifted to the coming campaign. "I hear," he said, "Tammany is coming back." "Eh," said I; "why so?" "Well," as though it were a conceded fact, "reform has been a failure. They haven't made good!"

I suppose he traced a note of impatience in my reply, for he passed on—he is a man of peace—with a shake of the head and a departing "Plenty others say so."

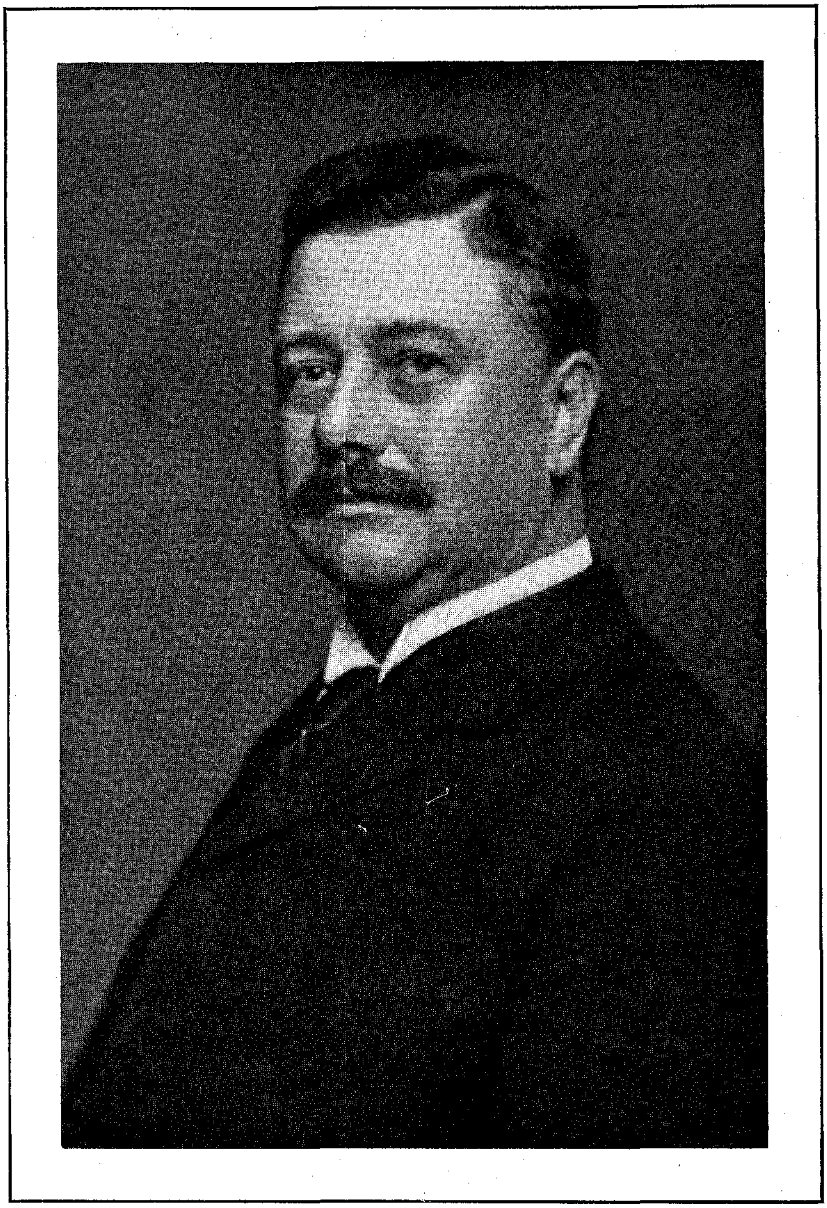
Now, he was not the first one to say it; he was right in that. I had heard it before. And I am old enough in the ways of Tammany to know that that is one of its favorite tricks: passing the headshake down the line early, as a tip to the people whose one ambition in life is to be on the winning side. There are more of them than you would think, forever waiting and watching to see "how the cat will jump," so that they may jump with it, and land, and they make the "strength of Tammany" in a doubtful year. I suppose it is part of the gambling mania that has our country by the throat, which makes a man think that he "throws his vote away" unless he votes with those who get in. I hope it is. For then it may pass over. In cold blood that sort of thing would mean hopeless unfitness for self-government. But since they say it so glibly, I propose to challenge them to the proof. How haven't they made good?—the reform administration, that is to say.

Let us see what it was it came to mend, and promised. Two years is not so long a time that New York can have forgotten the organized blackmail, the ruthless persecution of the man without a pull who would not "give up;" the piracy of the people's playgrounds, acquired at such cost of toil and treasure, that Tammany heelers might have stands rent-free for peddling their wares; the sneer from Tammany's Mayor, when protest was made, that "vaudeville for the masses destroyed Rome;" the neglect of the schools that confronted us once more at the end of four years of Tammany misrule with an army of children on the streets for whom there was no room; the police rottenness, of which we are still probing the depths; the dirty streets; smallpox rampant once more in our city; the slum rearing its head defiant in the homes of the poor, for had it not backing in the district leaders so long as it was loyal to the Hall and to the pockets of its rulers?—these and the rest, the whole foul conspiracy that was arraigned by the Bishop of New York in his diocesan address in these ever-memorable words:

> The world was presented with the astounding spectacle of a great municipality whose civic mechanism was largely employed in trading in the bodies and souls of the innocent and defenseless. . . . This infamous organization for making merchandise of the corruption of girls and boys and defenseless men and women—

meaning Tammany. If two years have made us forget that, it is time Tammany came back, for our sins.

That was what reform came to mend. Has it "made good"? Who now hears of protected vice? Who believes that millions are being made out of it, as was the case then? Do you say there are dishonest policemen still? Possibly—likely, even. There has not been time to get



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER

HON. SETH LOW

Mayor of New York City.

them all out; until we have beaten Tammany twice in succession they will burrow in the force waiting for the turn that shall bring back their day. But the gambler or the dive-keeper who pays blackmail to a policeman to-day is a fool beside a rascal, for he knows that it will not buy protection. And their kind are not fools in that sense.

Where are the infamous "cadets" that betrayed the daughters of the poor for a price, and offered organized resistance to the rescuers of their victims—organized in the interest of the vice that paid the blackmail to police and politicians? In jail. Their organization is gone. The tenement-house is safe. A fine of a thousand dollars hangs over the head of the landlord who knowingly permits the defilement of his tenement, and the landlord knows that reform will collect the fine. I glanced over the balance-sheet for 1902 of the city's law department the other day, and noticed that its collections were $553,992.99, as against $137,242.47 in 1901, the last of Tammany's four years, while the expenses were less. And in the same time 571 suits went against the city, involving $511,240.25, as against an average of 1,912 lost suits in the four years of Tammany, with an annual loss to the city of $1,836,935.46. That was the difference between business and politics. The Corporation Counsel's office as a political organization was just a Tammany club to coerce men. As Roosevelt used to say: it was not that the laws were not enforced. They were very much enforced in those days, but with a difference: the man with a pull went free; the other paid.

I remember the story of a Jew who kept a small store on the East Side in the last campaign. They ordered him to pay five dollars a week for keeping open Sunday. He paid, and they asked ten. He shut his store, and the next week he was sued for a hundred dollars by a man from whom he never borrowed anything. Therefore he did not defend the suit, and it went against him. In three days the sheriff was in his store, and he—he went out and mortgaged his store and paid the money he did not owe. He knew it was useless. Over against the record of that I have kept a copy of a general order issued from Police Headquarters last spring. I give it entire:

To all Members of the Uniformed Force:

Patrolman Peter P. Alwell has this day been dismissed from the police force after a trial in which he was found guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer, of attempted extortion, and of neglect of duty.

The evidence showed that the said Patrolman Alwell took candy from the push-cart of a peddler on the Bowery, and was attempting to extort a small sum of money from this push-cart peddler, when he was discovered by Captain Albertson, whereupon Patrolman Alwell started to run away, but was overtaken and apprehended by Captain Albertson.

A more contemptible exhibition on the part of a patrolman than that shown by Patrolman Alwell can hardly be imagined. He has disgraced his uniform, and unfortunately it is believed by the public that he is not the only one on the police force who has been guilty of this cowardly oppression of push-cart peddlers. I appeal to the honest and self-respecting members of the force to co-operate with me in driving out the men who thus disgrace their uniform. Such practices cannot exist without their being known to a large number of the members of the force; and if this petty stealing is regarded in its proper light by members of the force, they will not associate with any one guilty of it and will promptly report any one suspected of it. This order will be read at the 7 o'clock and 11 o'clock roll-calls morning and evening on the day after it is received at each station-house.

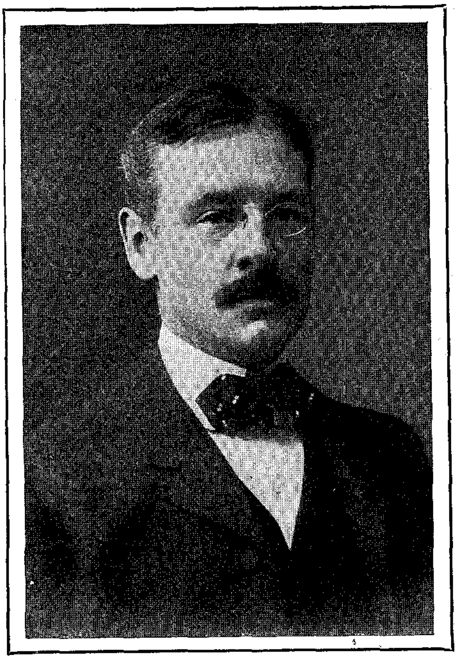
Francis V. Greene,
Police Commissioner.

Did reform make good there?

The streets were dirty. When the tenants of a Henry Street block whose ideals had been set high by Waring protested to the Tammany Mayor, the reply was a contemptuous "Go to! Your block is not dirtier than the rest." And it was true. In the teeth of the general uprooting of the foundations of the city by the subway diggers, the Street-Cleaning Department under reform has brought back the day of Waring, has stopped filling the harbor with garbage and made with the waste a new island up the Sound to which can be transferred the jails and the hospitals on Blackwell's Island, which may then be made a public park along with the other islands in the East River—the greatest of all public improvements that touch the lives of the people direct. In five years, if graft does not again get its grip on our city, the sale of its refuse should pay its whole bill for cleaning, and Waring's dream be realized.

Have they "made good"?

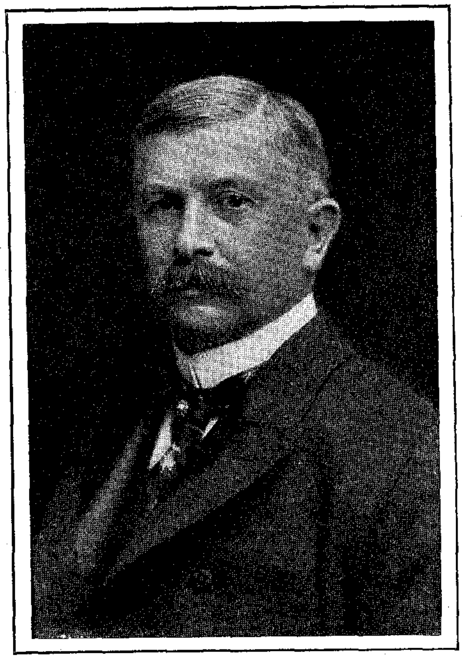
They fed the poor in the almshouse on dry bread and weak tea under Tammany—it is no figure of speech, but fact proven—starved them, for so there was more money for salaries that were not earned. The old and the helpless went ill-clad and shivered in bed in cold weather, upon the admission of the Commissioner who asked, just before he went out, for better clothing and more blankets that they might not freeze. He was of better stuff than most of the Tammany officials, but he was frankly a politician, a "machine man" upon his own showing, and the machine brand



PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROS.

WILLIAM T. JEROME

District Attorney for New York County.



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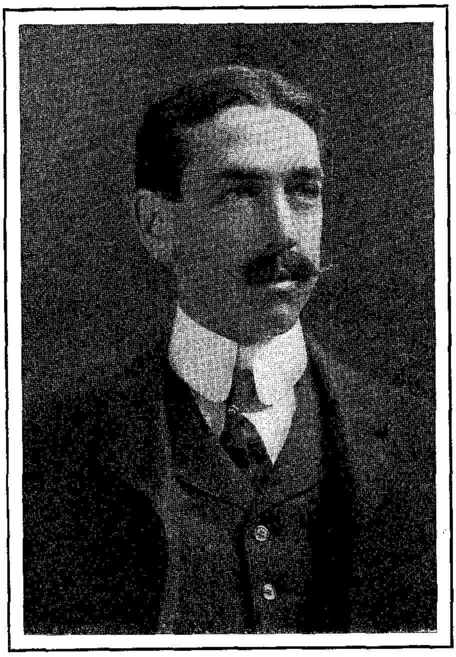
MAJOR-GENERAL FRANCIS VINTON GREENE

Police Commissioner, New York City.



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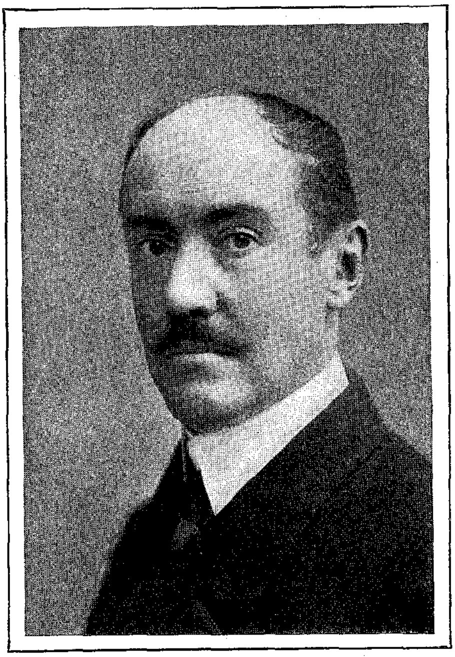
HOMER FOLKS

Commissioner of Charities, New York City.



PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVIS & SANFORD

DR. JOHN M'GAW WOODBURY

Street Cleaning Commissioner, New York City.

was upon his work for all he tried. The hopelessness of decay upon those islands which Mayor Strong's administration found in 1895 no one can ever imagine who was not a personal witness of it. Go now and see what it is like. Reform put a man specially trained for the work through years of patient labor in charge of the city's charities. The Outlook will later on tell in detail how he made good, and how to-day he leads in the effort to give to our millions hopeful consumptives' hospitals, that at last we may fight effectively the "white plague" which all the year round scourges the homes of the poor as no epidemic of cholera ever did.

Aye! nod your head: "plenty others say so." I know. I can pick them out for you, five hundred and thirty-four strong in the boroughs of Brooklyn and Queens, whose children were found in the institutions there, being fed and schooled at a cost of $104 each to the city, though their parents were able but not willing to care for them. Those parents will tell you that "reform did not make good," and they have kin on both sides of the river in plenty.

I should be willing to rest my claim that reform *did* make good, upon the showing of the schools alone. New York has spent thirty-seven millions and a half in building new schools since the school census of the first reform government showed us in 1895 fifty thousand children adrift in the streets. Tammany in its four years grudgingly allowed three millions a year to keep up the work. In the first fourteen months of Mayor Low's administration, from February 1, 1902, to April 1, 1903, eleven millions and a half were appropriated for new buildings. At the beginning of the present year 973 classrooms with room for 61,670 children were under construction, and once more the day was in sight when every child in New York will be able to go to school a full day. Will you vote to postpone it again? The day has come at last when the schools are the neighborhood centers we have been longing for. They belong to the people in fact as in theory. Clubs meet there, and the fathers and the mothers. The band plays on the school roof in the summer evening and the children dance there. And the grip of politics has been shaken from off the teachers. They are free if they choose to be. Would you enslave them once more?

Much later than that, when Tammany came in last, an impudent clerk cashiered offhand two of the people's parks which the Small Parks Committee had laid out and Mayor Strong's administration taken the first steps to acquire in the last weeks of its existence, because "we haven't the money," he told me—"hardly enough to pay the salaries." So that they might be paid, Tammany fashion, two and three and four where but one was necessary, the people's playgrounds that were already begun were allowed to lie, like the Mulberry Bend in its day, useless wastes. Reform has turned them to use. East and west the neighborhood parks are growing—links, in the long vacation, in the splendid out-of-door school machinery that draws children and parents and teachers together as never before. That promise I made for reform during the last canvass, and I bear testimony here that it has "made good."

We have heard from Tammany on the people's parks since then, when its commissioners charged for condemning the Fort George Park one-fifth of the entire cost of the property, while the Comptroller grimly commented that there was another coming in which the fees exceeded the property value by many thousands.

What, after that, does it signify that reform tried and dismissed one-fourth of the dockmasters, wiped out seven of their twenty-seven districts, added by Tammany, on the showing that they turned in a revenue of, in one case, only $12 a year, in another $18.38, in no case over $600, though they cost the city $2,450 each; and that, with this reduction, 23 per cent. more wharfage was collected? It was all the same old robbery that never asked any other question than "What can I make?" That was, that is, what Tammany is for. A hundred years has not changed its plan; nothing ever will. You cannot reform Tammany, for that presupposes that there is something else than fraud and theft somewhere in its plan. There is not. It exists frankly for spoils; and spoils in politics, with an annual budget of a hundred millions, means the biggest steal of the ages.

There is still Jerome. Has he made good? I think I should be willing to rest my claim for the administration on him, if it came to that. He is out in the open. We can all see what he is doing and no one need be in doubt about what he means.

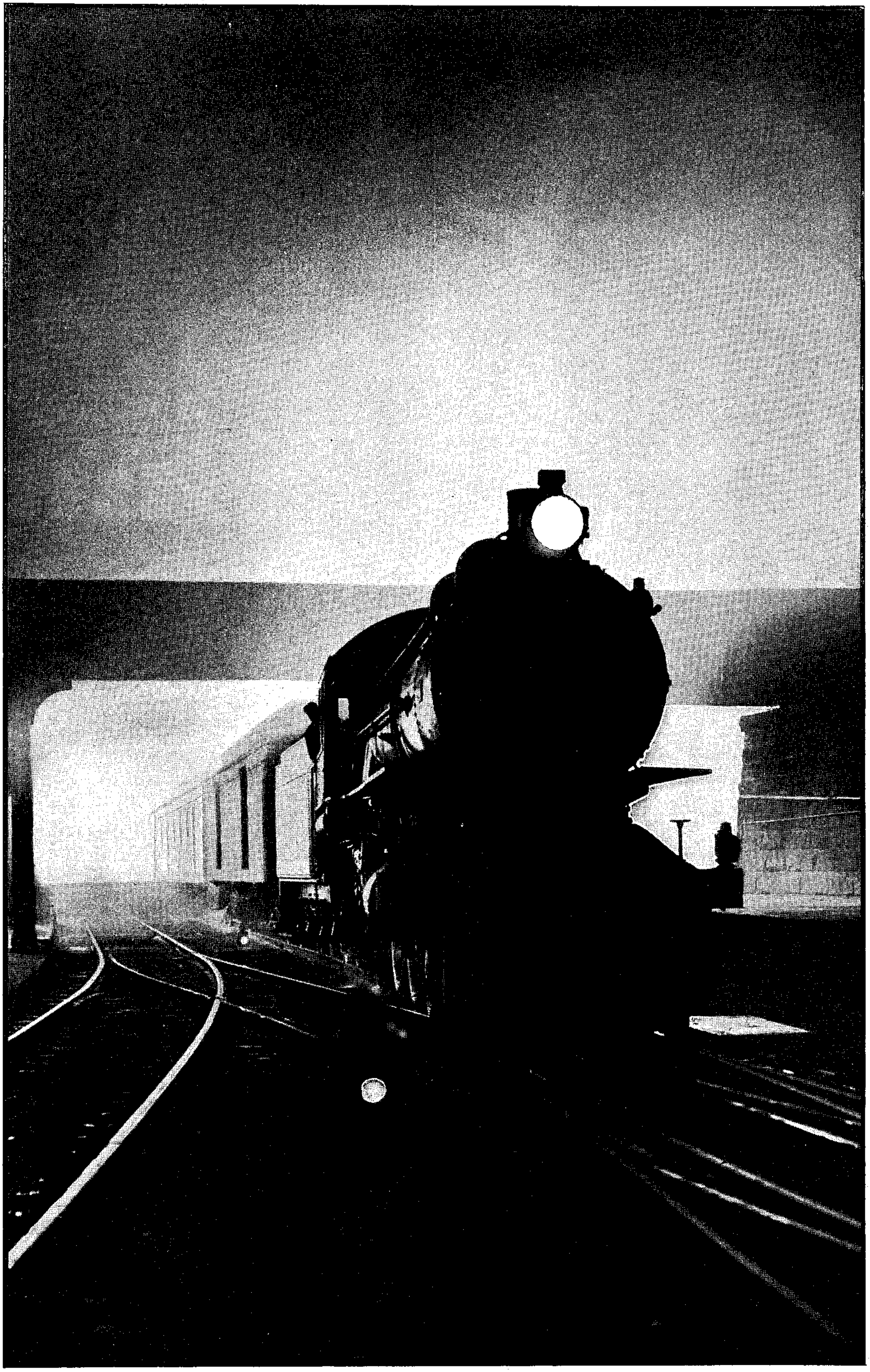
There is the new Tenement-House Department. Reform was pledged to the protection of the people's homes. When last winter all the forces for evil united in an attack upon the Tenement-House Law, which was bad, we were told, wholly bad, we heard from the people themselves in tones that caused the politicians to take off their hands in a hurry. "Let it alone," was the message, and it was let alone. Reform had "made good" there also, and New York will for all time be the better for it; good enough, we dare hope, to unload Tammany for good and all when the generation that is now growing in the tenements and in the new public schools and the neighborhood settlements comes to the polls.

We had built up a Health Department in the three years of Mayor Strong that was the pride of our country. It had forced the death-rate down—the mortality among the tenants' babies—from its scandalous range up among the twenties to nineteen and a fraction in a thousand of the living. Tammany put the district leader in control, and in four brief years he wrecked the splendid machine. Smallpox ravaged the city. Why not? The inspector who was sent to vaccinate the children told his chief to go to grass: he took his orders from his district leader, who appointed him. The death-rate went up again to twenty. Reform came back, swept out nearly two hundred useless employees, reduced expenses, and reduced the mortality. For the first six months of the current year it was 18.67, the lowest in all the city's history. It meant, as nearly as I can figure, five thousand less deaths in the year—four thousand of them, probably, the children of the poor. I wonder if they think reform "made good"?

But I cannot blame Tammany for the smallpox epidemic, you say. It was all over the world. So it was. Why? Because, so forgetful are men that when it no longer killed their children by the thousand they thought the danger over and waved the vaccinator off. It was a bother to have the arm scratched; what was the use? There were those who said it was of doubtful benefit, or none at all. Vaccination had not made good its promise. Better go without. And the enemy came back and took its toll of the world's life. Men have to foot the bill for their forgetfulness and their folly in all days. The mother's cry no longer goes up from the humble home bewailing the birth of a daughter because of the lot she knows awaits her; blackmail is dead, the shame of it forgotten. Settle back now complacently in your seat and nod wisely, "They have not made good," and Tammany will come back. No doubt of it. But remember, please, that *you* brought it back. You did it.

They told me the other day that old faces that boded no good had reappeared in Allen Street; that they were making leases down there and getting ready for a wide-open town "when Tammany comes back." No doubt it is true. The bawdy-house keeper knows his interest and looks to it. The dive-keeper looks to *his* interest, the skin builder to his, the slum landlord to his, the gambler to his, and the "respectable" merchant who would rather square things with Tammany than be bothered by reform looks to his interest. And Tammany looks to its interest, which is theirs. In the fight that is coming they will all be on one side, be sure of that. You who believe in decency, in honesty, in good government, in our fair city—whether you voted for McKinley or for Bryan, whether you were German, Dutch, Irish, or Danish before you became American—you who belong on the other side, will you be there?

Then stand up and be counted. Reform has "made good." If its friends stand by it, it has nothing to fear from its enemies. Sit and shake your head, wait to see how the cat will jump—it will jump all right! Too late you will find that the cat is a tiger, and that it was you who let it in.



OFF FOR THE NIGHT RUN. 9:15 P.M.

THE LIFE OF A LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN

AUTHOR OF "HELD FOR ORDERS" AND OTHER RAILWAY STORIES

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR HEWITT

DELAYED once on an overland train at the foot of a mountain pass, with everything in the landscape and the hour to suggest the question, I heard a pretty traveler ask the engineer to tell her something about the romance of the cab life. He laughed frankly: "There is none."

But the life that lends itself badly to romance may do very well in the heroic, for while romance is based on self-consciousness, heroism—the American sort at least—is essentially unconscious.

If there are two things above all others that develop those sterner qualities of character which men love to pay tribute to, they are responsibility and danger. These are the touchstones, and because we are always children we watch with never-failing interest to see how a man will meet them. Nor does heroism itself, any more than the human heart, grow old. Its fragrance, like that of kindliness, to which it is akin, helps to keep men young; perhaps that is why they crave it.

The mere spectacle of danger encountered does not move. The peril must be unavoidable and the encounter necessary; otherwise the hazard of life and limb is condemned in the mere words coined to express it—temerity and bravado.

The racing automobilist gets scant sympathy for his hurts; but when the locomotive engineer is carried from the wreck, men are instant in sympathy. So we call the man in the cab that faces danger well the hero, and we term his post one of responsibility, because, in the precise meaning of the word, he must answer back. Every day as he sits in his narrow window we catch glimpses of him. He may sit there for a few days or for many years, but the question always hangs over him. The answer may not be required until the close of a long life, or it may be called for within an hour; still, the question is there, and, knowing it, we look on a locomotive engineer with ever-curious interest and ask ourselves, How will he answer back, and when? And because we know how his fellows have met the question, we believe he will answer well.

It is the bearing of this constant responsibility that shapes the character of the locomotive engineer. Responsibility is the keynote of his life.

Naturally, no test can be devised to ascertain his mental fitness for this. But the most severe physical examinations are made for admission to the engine service. An applicant must be young, of a prescribed weight physically, and in perfect bodily health. Above all, his vision must be perfect. The tests upon his vision are endless, not alone for diseases of the eye and for errors in refraction, but for that subtle failing of the sight known as color-blindness, which is fatal to the ability to distinguish a green or a white from a red signal.

The physical requirements are high because the engineer learns his cab business as fireman, and the feeding of coal into steam in a modern locomotive is comparable in its stupendous physical strain only to the stoking required on an ocean liner. The stoker is a laborer, but the locomotive fireman for his future duties must possess intelligence and education.

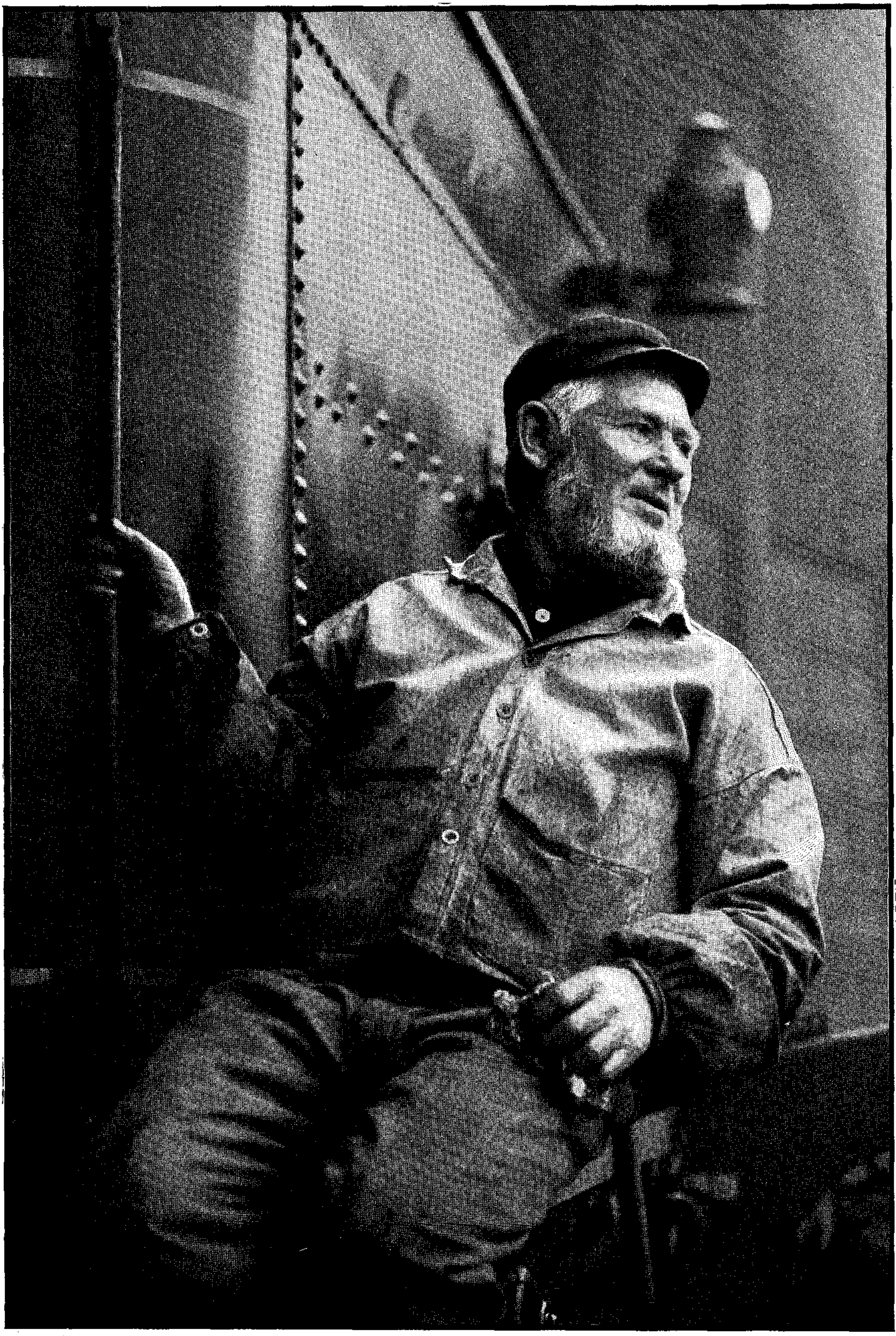
When the fireman is at length promoted to the charge of the engine—and sometimes the years of waiting are long—the physical strain is taken off him so far as it can be. His engine is groomed, fed, and watered by other men. His strength is reserved now for the mental strain and for the emergency of a breakdown in the machine while on the road. When the engineer is promoted from the freight train to the passenger train, his responsibilities are again enormously increased, and, representing the highest type of skill and excellence that his profession develops, he faces its greatest perils.

It is thus that possibly beyond all other men in the train service of a railroad the locomotive engineer becomes by habit cautious, and his chief anxiety is lest other men fail in the caution needed in their contributory capacities. He realizes keenly how much his own life, as well as the lives of those in his keeping, is dependent on the care of other men—the train-despatcher, the telegraph operator, the freight crew, the switchman, and the artificers of his engine, back to the very melter that tempers the silicon in the drivers under him. To reflect, for example, on the uncertainties attending the transmission of train orders by telegraph is to realize only one feature of what the engineer faces continually while on duty. In every tissue handed by the conductor to him is a possible death message. It may carry orders which, even if executed faithfully by him as they read, may still prove fatal through the mistakes of other men; and though his train be given every right of way that ingenuity can confer, his movements are unavoidably subject to the control of another man, the despatcher.

Thus every association of the engineer's life follows the lines of precaution. To the best exercise of this homely faculty all safety in travel is due. It is the engineer who will never accept an order in which there is a possibility of a doubt, who will in rare instances question a positive one, who will consider not alone every rule laid down for safety, but who brings to every situation the exercise of the highest reason and judgment—this is the engineer who lasts for a lifetime at his post. Of all insurance policies for Forty Years in the Service, luck is the poorest; precaution the very best.

Relieved of all drudgery incident to the preparation of his engine for its work, the passenger engineer swings into the cab with a free hand. The perplexities of his early day are past. Overrated engines, long hills, broken freight trains, and the severest of the traction problems are behind him.

All the earlier demands upon him are



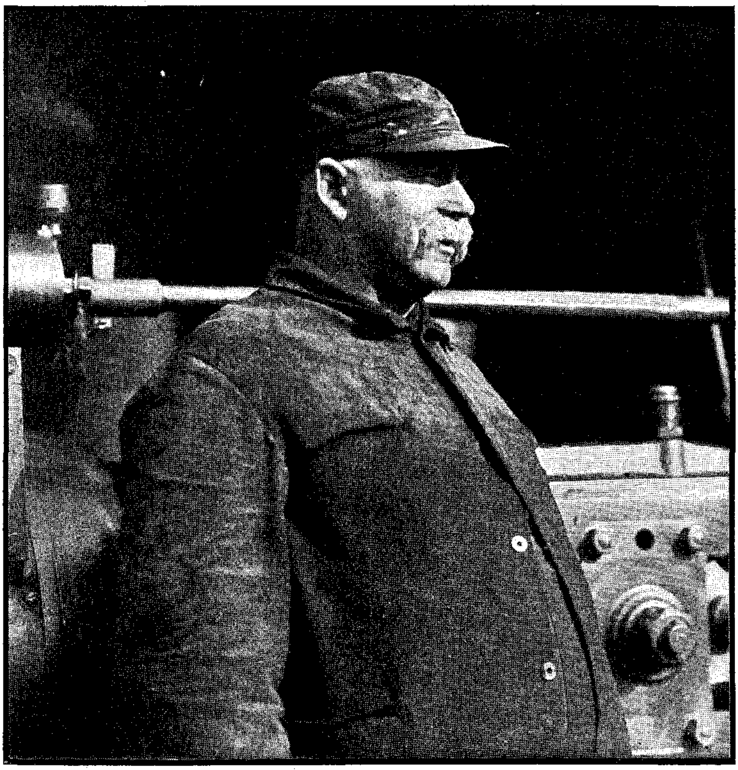
FORTY YEARS IN THE SERVICE

fused into one new demand—speed. With the factor of safety he is expected to combine its antithesis, speed. Speed is insistent and insatiable, and from the minute the heavy coaches of a limited train roll out of the station until the end of the run the engineer has at his side a phantom to appease.

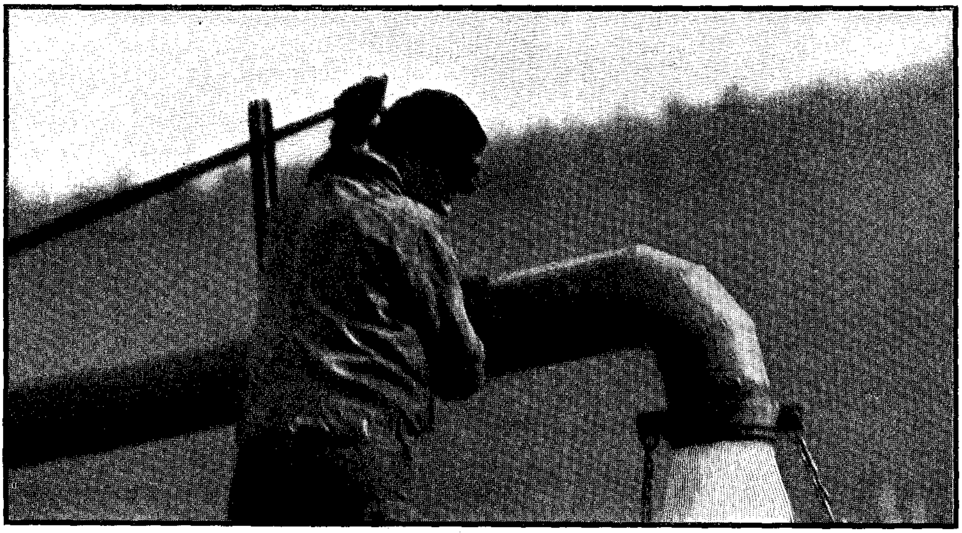
The problem is made for him as hard as human ingenuity can frame it. If it were not difficult to make a schedule of a mile a minute, two miles a minute would be demanded. All that the cunning of man can supply in mechanism is at his service; he is expected to get out of the means furnished him the limit of possibilities, and he becomes at his post a taciturn, contained man, his mind concentrated continually on his problem. He knows every mile of his track and all that can be got out of it. With all the cleverness in the world, he can hold in reserve but very few spare minutes for the whole four or five hours of his run. The game he is playing, every second that his drivers are leaping one hundred feet under him, has been played so often and by so many pretty men that he can hardly hope to develop new possibilities in his schedule. One minute lost is well-nigh gone forever, and will lie, a reproach, on the dial before him for hours, unless by straining every resource he can recover it.

This, when the top round has been gained, is the cruel strain of the locomotive engineer's work—the call for speed. On a still, clear day the stretch of a tangent track, with its trailing switches, signal towers, and safety blocks, invites to speed; Mr. Hewitt has marvelously shown in one of our illustrations the beauties of such a picture from the cab window at the high pace of a limited train.

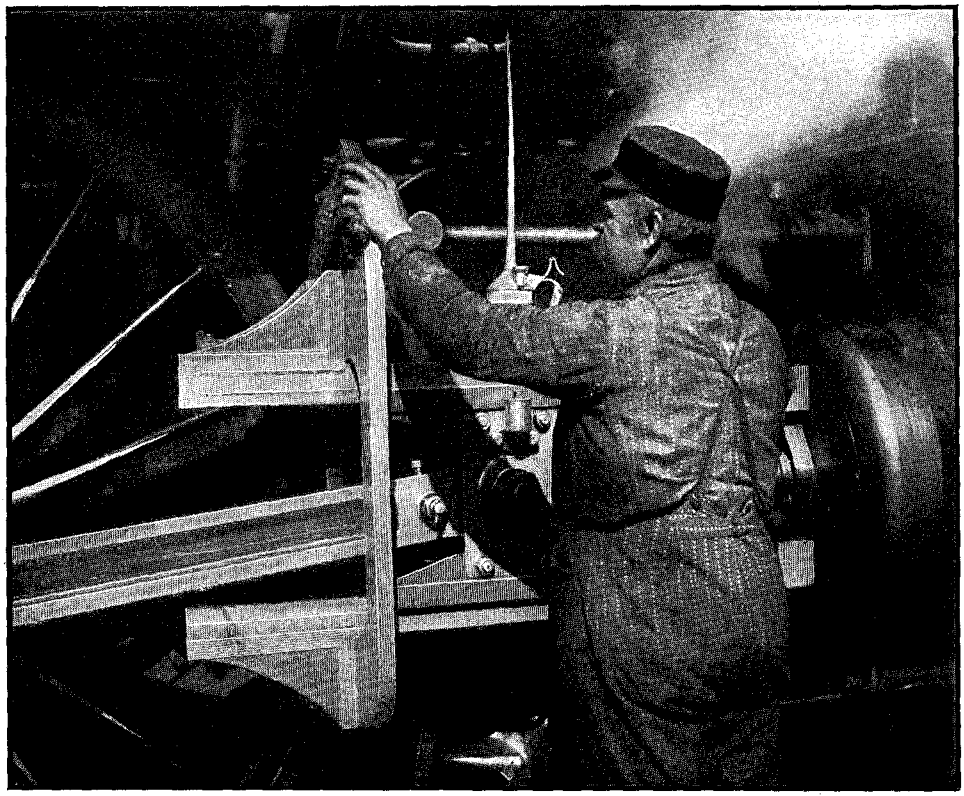
Unfortunately, schedules cannot be varied for the night or the fog or the storm. Under such difficulties the passenger engineer has been forced thus far while flying through space to depend for his guidance on signals outside the cab.



"THE MAN WHO RUNS THE EXPRESS"



TAKING WATER



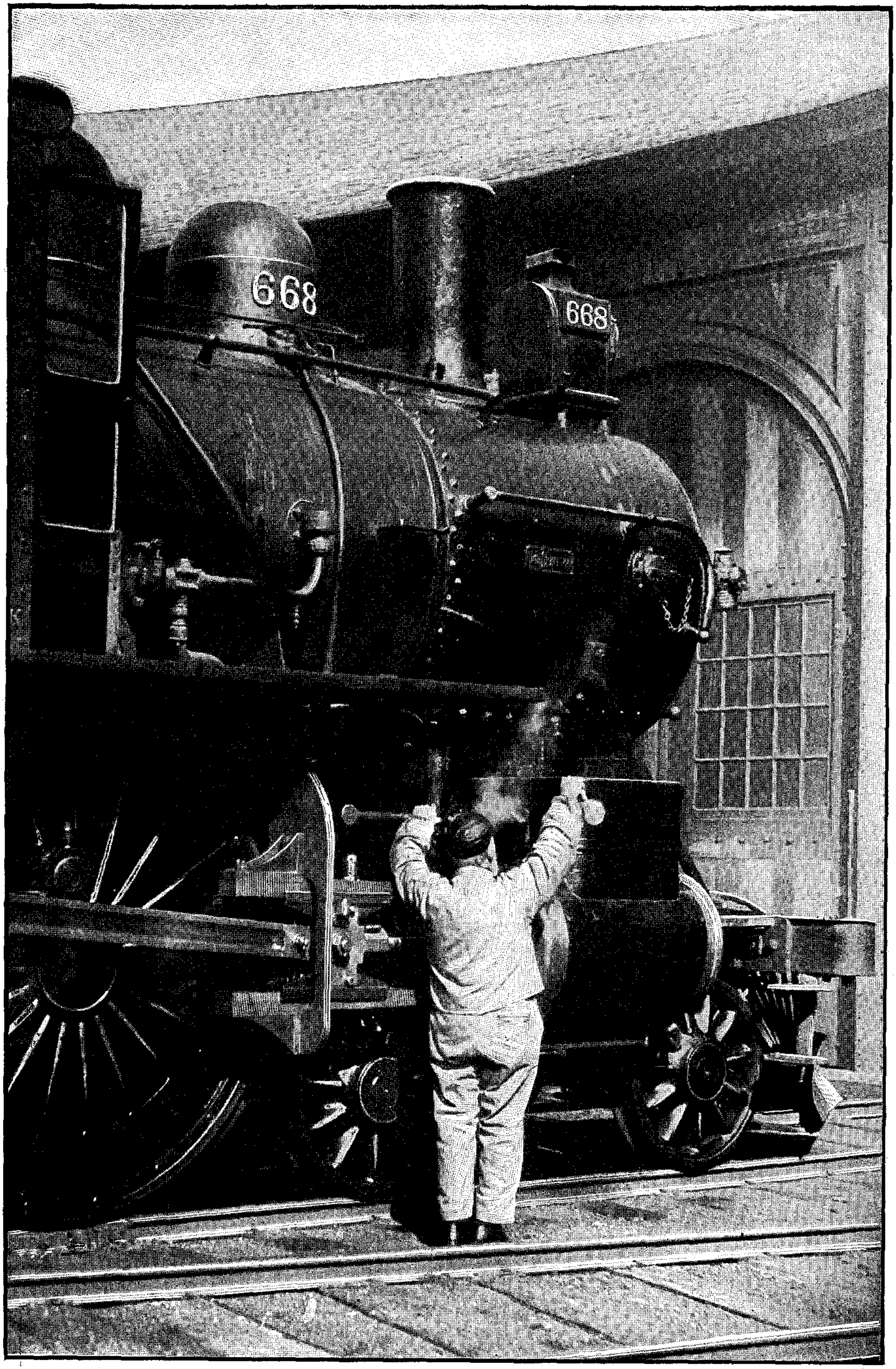
GETTING READY TO TAKE OUT "NUMBER FOUR"

Covering a trunk line on which traffic is at all times crowding the limit, he is beset by the uncertainties of catching his track signals under adverse conditions. The marvel in railroad travel is not that so many accidents occur, but that so few occur, and of these but the smallest percentage can be laid at the door of the cab. How to account for the ease with which the passenger runner at high speed makes out his track code through rain and sleet and wind and snow, I do not know. No instance is more striking of the fineness to which instinct may be trained.

It is this particular marvel that accentuates a tragedy such as the one which occurred last winter near New York, when a passenger engineer, behind time, missed his signal and telescoped a train ahead. Released, fatally injured, from the wreck, he took promptly on himself all the fault of the disaster. Not until the inquest long afterward did it appear from his dying statement to his doctor that for a month he had been sent out on his run every day with a cracked steam-chest. There was little significance to the public in the statement, because they did not understand what it meant; but no more terrible indictment than this was ever laid against a railroad management. That a man running at high speed should be expected to read semaphores and blocks through winter storms is at least fair; that is the game, and the engineer cuts into it with his eyes open. But what man can be expected to make time and read signals at a mile a minute through a cloud of white vapor pouring up from a leaking chest in front of his cab window? Dying, this engineer told his doctor that he was compelled to slow down in order to see the signals at all. Still, the engineer knows he must make the time or get off his run. It was a problem that this unfortunate man could not solve—nor could any human being. But one day he took a chance and passed a cautionary signal. Doubtless he had safely done it before, but this day he missed a peremptory signal immediately afterward, and fate solved the problem and the engineer gave up his life; not only that—he took all the blame.

This is where the acute vision is needed—in reading the track signals at high speed; and with it another specter confronts the engineer. There is always the possibility of color-blindness or the gradual failure of his eyesight that may at any time wreck his usefulness. Very few aids to his own organs of sight in detecting distant track signals can be afforded him. It is popularly supposed that the picturesque headlight, such as that which shows in Mr. Hewitt's admirable night picture on another page of a modern passenger locomotive, helps the engineer to detect danger ahead. In reality, however, it is of the slightest possible value to the man in the cab behind it, though it is of value to the engineer in the distant cab, who knows on seeing it what it stands for; yet even then its rays are easily mistaken for those of other distant signal lamps. What has robbed the headlight of much of its usefulness is speed; when the danger revealed by its aid is apparent, it is too late to avoid.

Every feature of the engineer's work tries his eyes, and the hazards to his sight are at times of the least expected. Such a prosaic matter as "taking water" is a simple one in a fireman's duties. But let us suppose that on a stormy winter day the spout-chains are frozen, the train late, and the engineer impatient. Under such circumstances, and with an apparatus not so modern as that shown in the picture, a fireman jerked at the spout-chains until they broke and the heavy iron spout fell, striking him on the head. A year afterward glaucoma following the blow upon his head attacked his right eye. He gave it no attention. Meantime he was promoted to be engineer. Telling no one, he held his post until he was stone blind in the right eye, and in that condition he actually ran a passenger engine month after month. During the interval he successfully took all the tests for vision and color blindness *in that eye*—it was unfairly done, of course, but done. The deadly disease at length through sympathy attacked the remaining eye, and he resigned. He knew he could deceive the doctors with one blind eye, but not with two. This man at twenty-eight was a perfect physical



THE "668"

specimen, with eyes of rare beauty. Yet he was then totally blind, and his whole life had been wrecked by the one accident while taking water.

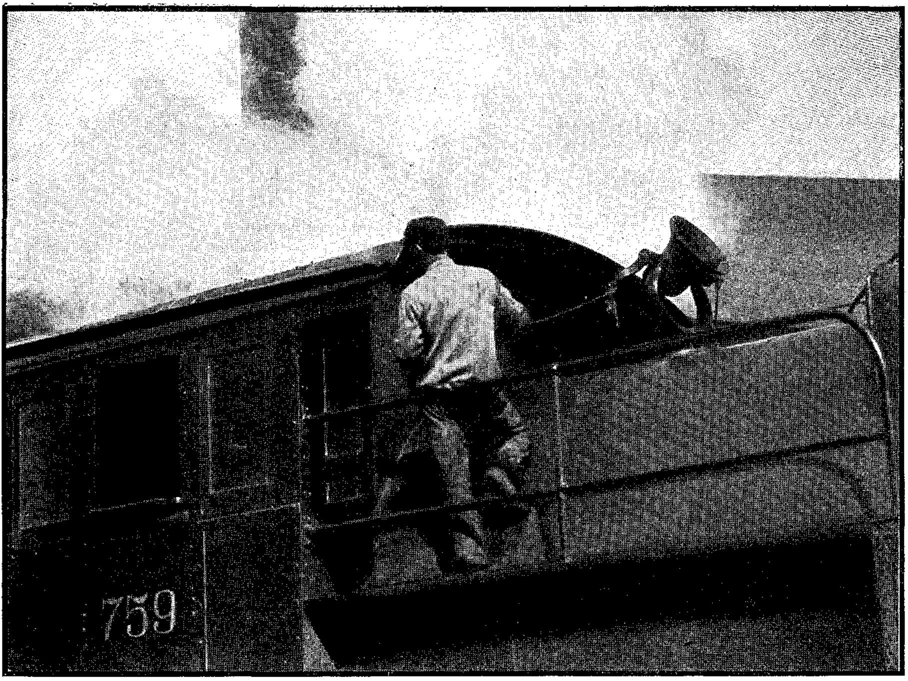
Happily, the cab life is not all storm and danger. Men love achievement, and the locomotive engineer strong enough to meet squarely the perplexities that beset his position, and careful enough to steer clear of its perils, has before him the constant inspiration of new victories on the part of the road-builders and the engine-builders. They bring forward continually their own achievements in mechanical excellence, and the engineer determines upon their real value to the system of which he is a part. The higher development of an air-brake, a substantial promise of success in the longed-for electric cab-signals, the expansion of a fire-box, all mean something new in the life of the engineer. If he knows his business thoroughly, he himself is a master in mechanics, and neither the master mechanic nor the superintendent of motive power is above considering his suggestions when the sketches of the new machine are brought from the draughting-table.

Between the designer of the locomotive and the man who runs the express there exists not alone a community of interest, but often the closeness of confidence and affection. The pride of the one is to supply the very best engine in the world; of the other to demonstrate in actual wear its claims to the title.

Certainly in the later types of giant passenger locomotive there is something inspiring to the most indifferent traveler. Consider for a moment "The 668": first, the looming height of the great engine, which our photographer artfully brings out by catching at its side the pygmy master of its destinies—his shoulders reaching hardly above the cylinders and his uplifted hand still below the elevation of the steam-chest.

Observe how with every new step in modern construction the monster driving-wheels have been set farther and farther ahead to release the imprisoned fire-box behind. They stand as if they would crowd from the front the modest wheels of the engine-truck itself. The boiler rises quite a whole second story above the man that controls it. Note how every detail of the creation conveys the impression of strength, the climax

A CAMERA SHOT FROM THE CAB WINDOW TAKEN AT SEVENTY-TWO MILES AN HOUR



"CLEAR THE TRACK!"

of all its lines of beauty and force rising in the short, thick neck of the stack and the extended front end, pushed forward, deep-breathed and ready, like the swelling chest of an athlete.

The arrival of a new type of locomotive on a system is to the engineer like the coming of a new marvel to a boy. If the designer be the superintendent of motive-power of his own road, his delight is the greater. Shortly after the successful trial of a new class of high-speed engines on a Western road, a passenger happened forward to visit with the engineer of a through train. They were west-bound, and fell at once to talking about the new engine that was pulling the train. The runner could not say enough about the locomotive, and he spoke with awe of its designer, the head of the motive-power, whom he had never met. It chanced that the man he was speaking of lay at the moment in one of the rear sleepers *en route* to the coast for a much-needed rest, an overworked man, broken in health and hope.

When told that the official he so wanted to meet was a passenger on that very train, pulled by one of his own new locomotives, the engineer's face lighted like that of a boy. So exacting were his duties that he could not take the moment required to go back to greet the superintendent; the latter had not strength enough to walk from his car forward. The two men, only a train length apart, could not grasp each other's hands, and it fell to a passenger to convey the greetings from the cab back to the stateroom. When division had been reached, and the engineer was free, the tired head of his department was sleeping and the doctor would not wake him. Not trainmen alone are worked to death in the railroad service.

That the engineer's affections should become centered on the engine itself is not at all strange, and while much that is fanciful is told of such attachments, there is really sometimes foundation for the telling. The exigencies of modern traffic usually do away more or less with the old fashion of running one man on the same engine, so that the sense of ownership an engineer once might have cherished has been thus far weakened.

Running first in, first out, shifts the

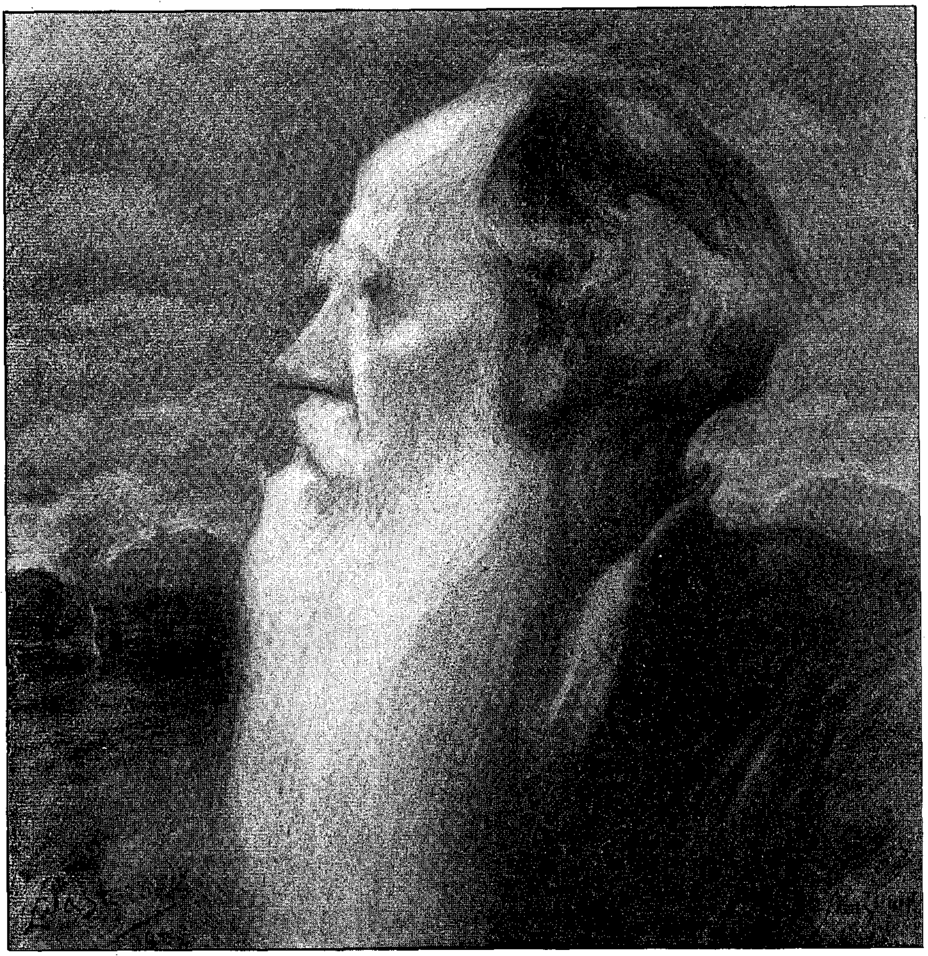
engine crews from one cab to another, yet preferences continue, as to types particularly, and often as to individual machines. The cranky engine, the unlucky engine, and "Old Faithful" still have their stalls in the legends of the service, if not actually in the roundhouse. But while neither steel nor steam is entirely free from vagaries, the advent of the educated man into the department of motive power is constantly working out venerable superstitions concerning their depravities.

No one feature of modern locomotive engineering is more striking than the advent into it of the more highly trained men who begin their railroad life in the motive power and frequently in the cab. This does not mean more faithful engineers, nor, necessarily, more competent men for their work as runners. It means that better technical acquaintance with the science of construction, combustion, and the dynamics of steam are reacting from the cab upon the shop and upon the experiments of the thinkers who toil continually to increase the efficiency and to reduce the cost of operation of the locomotive.

The same leaven of technically trained men is working in every branch of American industry; the only cause for care in the motive power, as perhaps elsewhere, is lest its importance be overvalued and the credit due the older type of locomotive engineer lessened. The railroad will never get more capable, reliable men than those that have brought the American engine service to the high standard it reaches to-day. Through the organization which embraces the enginemen of nearly all the railroads in this country the members have secured for themselves and for all other enginemen an adequate wage scale. No labor order in the world has a record more honorable than that of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. It is old, conservatively managed, and reflects as a body the qualities that make its members so respected individually. With but one disastrous and probably ill-advised strike on its record of differences adjusted between labor and capital, the Brotherhood, under the late Chief Arthur, has been and is to-day a model for every successful labor union in existence; and nothing shows more clearly the great good sense of its members than that they should so long have kept him at their head.

The very traits that make the American engineer safe to ride behind make him the best of American citizens. In public affairs he is not led astray by popular fallacies or by the clamor of cheap men. He sets an example for those who preach of public duties by attending very strictly to his private affairs. He pays his debts, saves his money, educates his children, often in the best of the universities, and in his home neglects neither books nor music. To the many who as travelers put their lives continually in his keeping it rarely occurs even to think of the locomotive engineer—still less to thank him for the care that in the cab or under the eccentrics, in the night or in the wind or the storm, he takes of them. Perhaps our young President, he who never forgets an acknowledgment where one is due, meant in part to atone for the neglect of others of us when recently, after completing a long railroad journey, he publicly thanked the railroad men for their good care in carrying him so safely over so many thousand miles. Of his gratitude, frankly expressed, it would be safe to say that a generous portion was meant for the man to whom the average traveler rarely gives a word, hardly a thought—the Locomotive Engineer.

* * *



DRAWN BY L. PASTERNAK

TOLSTOY TO-DAY

BY EDWARD A. STEINER

ILLUSTRATED WITH PAINTINGS BY L. PASTERNAK

This is the first of a group of articles by Mr. Steiner, the result of several months' literary work in Russia as the representative of The Outlook. The time was spent wholly in study of "Tolstoy the Man," in interviews with him and his family, and in gathering literary material from the Tolstoy circles in Moscow and elsewhere. The articles to be printed in The Outlook, with many others not to be published in any periodical, will later appear in book form. The book will be called "Tolstoy the Man," and will be published by the Outlook Company.—THE EDITORS.

WE hesitated long before asking if we might visit Tolstoy on the particular occasion here described. Rumors of serious illness checked both the artist's and the biographer's desire to see him, and only after we heard that his condition had improved did we venture our request. "Come and bring N—— with you," read the telegram which we received in answer to our letter. N—— is a musician of note, and the feeling that through his playing Tolstoy would receive much pleasure made our going easier, for usually we felt that we gave nothing in return for the inspiration received.

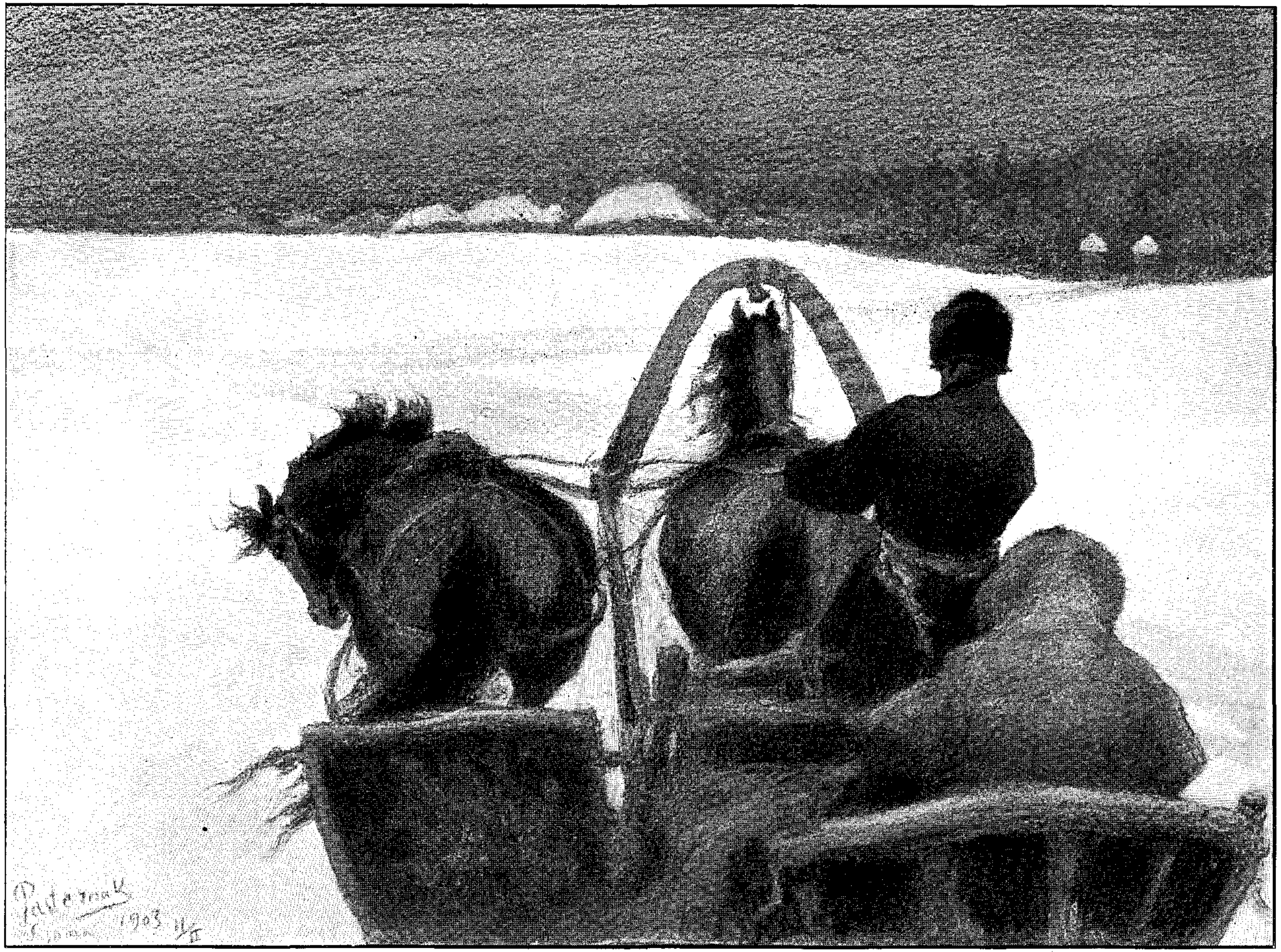
To start from Moscow at midnight, to be locked in a train whose compartments are so hot that they can well serve the purpose of a Russian bath, to inhale cigarette-smoke which everywhere makes the atmosphere stale and thick, is no great pleasure, especially as the train stops longer at the stations than it travels between them, and, being the only so-called fast train, is uncomfortably crowded. No air either enters or leaves the compartment, and when we reach our destination, and can really breathe the fresh, ozone-laden air, it is as exhilarating a moment as if we had stepped from a prison cell into freedom. The little depot is almost covered by snow, and after being wakened for a moment by the stopping of the train it sinks again into the deepest quiet. Here and there from among the white birches the rising smoke tells of some mujik's cabin in which the housewife has bestirred herself and has kindled the fire. The horse and sleigh of Countess Tolstoy are awaiting us in the station yard, and almost simultaneously we ask the coachman, "How is the Count?" "Slava Bogu [Praise God], he is much better," answers the faithful servant, whose broad, good-natured face smiles at us from his wrappings of fur, which make him look like an overgrown infant ready to be carried away by its nurse. He remembers the Count's guests, and has a particular smile for those who know that Tolstoy's philosophy about money has not at all influenced his servants, who are just as eager for their tips (Na Tschay) as if they were living in the most materialistic atmosphere. Swiftly we glided along through the increasing quiet; the noise of the passing train had almost ceased, and its deep breathing grew fainter and fainter. From the east a tinge of golden red poured over the silvery landscape; for a moment there was a hovering between twilight and morning, then the sun rose, bringing light but no warmth, and the great conqueror who in the summer colors earth and skies in varied hue seemed unable to affect the mass of white or to change the great shroud into a wedding garment. The noisy crows alone made dark spots upon the landscape and brought discord and disturbance into silence and harmony. No one in the village had yet stirred out of doors; the peasants were still lying upon their warm bake-ovens hibernating until the springtime, when the increasing hunger would drive them out of doors and press the plow into their hands. The snow lay up to the windows of the low cabins, which were kept from being lost in the colorless landscape by the dirt of doors and outer walls. Horses, cattle, and fowl were indoors with the peasants, and within many a hut was heard the faint cock-crow, followed by the grunting of an unfed pig or the hoof-beat of a restless horse. From above the snow, like strange-shaped mushrooms, peeped with their Chinese roofs the white towers flanking the gateway to the Tolstoy estate, and the trunks of the trees within made dark lines upon the whiteness, showing the well-worn road between them. At the door we were met by Maria Levovna, the Count's favorite daughter, who has been constantly at his bedside, and who at this time was acting as his private secretary and is his confidential friend. Among the Count's children the daughters had the greatest sympathy with his teachings, although since they have married they have gone the way of the world, much to his regret.

When we arrived, Countess Tolstoy was still in her room; she rises very late, her work keeping her up until past midnight. She is now correcting a new edition of her husband's works, and between the struggle with publishers and proof-readers she is taxed to the utmost, although she preserves both her youth and strength in a remarkable way. Any one who saw her a few evenings before at the symphony concert in Moscow, radiant in a light gray silk costume, her bright eyes shining from pleasure, would not have realized how much work and how many years are burdening her.

We were immediately shown to our rooms, but great was our astonishment when we found one of them to be the Count's former study, which had been converted into a guest-room after his removal upstairs was necessitated by his severe illness. Mr. P—— immediately called an indignation meeting to protest against such sacrilege, and we unanimously declared our disapproval of the change. The room should have been kept as it was. Those scattered books, that table full of loose pages of manuscript, the large ink-pot, the Count's picturesque but crude scythe, and his working garments—all are gone; the books are transferred to and straightened out in book-cases, where they stand like soldiers in perfect order, and our unpoetic satchels stand upon the table where he wrote all the books which made him famous. Surely there will be no holy shrine to which enthusiastic Tolstoyans may make a pilgrimage in after years, for the devastation seems complete. A physician who now is a member of the household lives in the Count's former bedroom, but the simple furniture has been left just as and where it was.

At the breakfast-table we find the usual contingent of strangers, and we look at one another in rather an unfriendly way, as much as to say, "What in the world brought you here to trouble a poor old sick man—can't you leave him alone?" We are good mind-readers, all of us, and we stare at each other during the informal meal, drinking our hot tea in silence; and no friendlier look comes over the faces of these somebodies and nobodies when our party is asked to go upstairs to see the Count. The room which we enter is spacious and comfortable; two large windows look out over the tree-tops and upon the silent fields of Yasnaya. The eye instinctively seeks the Count, and we are much startled as we see him. He is so thin that his features stand out with unusual sharpness. The eyes are still searching, but show the effect of much suffering, and a veil like the shadow of a passing cloud hangs over them. His voice, too, has grown weak, and his hand-clasp is like the touch of gloved fingers, without warmth or strength; but the greeting is not less cordial than ever. Now, struggling with approaching death, he is fastening upon paper memories and impressions of bygone years, and when every moment is precious he yet denies himself to no one, and does not stint the time which he gives to his friends. It is such a large welcome as only a large soul can give one. It is in striking contrast to the welcome which one receives from every other member of his household. Every one, from the Countess down to the guests of yesterday, makes you feel that you are here by grace alone, but he makes you feel immediately that you have done him a favor by coming. It is this natural and grateful outflow of his noble soul toward another that charms every one who comes in touch with him. Yet I cannot say that one feels comfortable so close to him. He searches too deeply. He penetrates down to the impurest motive which brought you here, and you feel as if you were a thief caught in the act of breaking one of the commandments. I find that all those who come "in spirit and in truth" share this feeling with me, and I should not wonder if in the other world I see him sitting on one of those twelve thrones "judging the tribes of Israel."

The conversation first turned upon his own health. He has been near death's door; the heart almost ceased its task of sending blood through his body, the limbs were cold and motionless, and around his bedside through many an anxious night stood loving watchers who feared the coming of a lightless morning. But no fear was his; he was not being dragged to his grave. Calmly he awaited the moment of his departure, and he struggled neither for life nor with death. He dropped no pious phrases as he told us of his nearness to the other world; it was the story of a traveler who came near to the gate of a city whose name and location he knew not, but of the existence of which he was quite sure. He did not tell as much of himself as we should have liked to hear; he quickly turned the conversation to the artist's and writer's work and plans, to N——'s children, whom he loves, and to all the living things which interest him so much. The praise of Yasnaya's quiet he turned into a sarcastic polemic against the effort in the cities to build houses of entertainment for the laborers. "You take them out of the pure air into a place crowded by people, you compel them to breathe dust, dirt, and disease, and you call that "helping the poor to enjoy themselves." My praise of the People's Palace in St. Petersburg, built by the present Czar, found no echo in his heart. He does not believe in "throwing sweet morsels



DRAWN BY L. PASTERNAK

FROM THE STATION TO THE TOLSTOY HOME

to a starving peasantry," although he was glad to hear of my observation of increasing temperance, or at least of a decrease of drunkenness, in the Russian cities where the dives have been entirely closed and people's theaters and tea-houses have taken their places.

Upon our inquisitive looks at his writing-desk, he told us that he was then hard at work writing his reminiscences, and that he had finished a new story based upon his experiences in the Caucasus, and he read us page after page of the simple but beautiful narrative from his life in those wild mountain regions. His style seems simpler than ever; clear and sharp stand out his characters. The background is faint, scarcely touched, but the men and women whom he portrays are alive, and the truth they speak is clear and their words are pure. They are created by his love for all the men he met and knew in those young years of his eventful life.

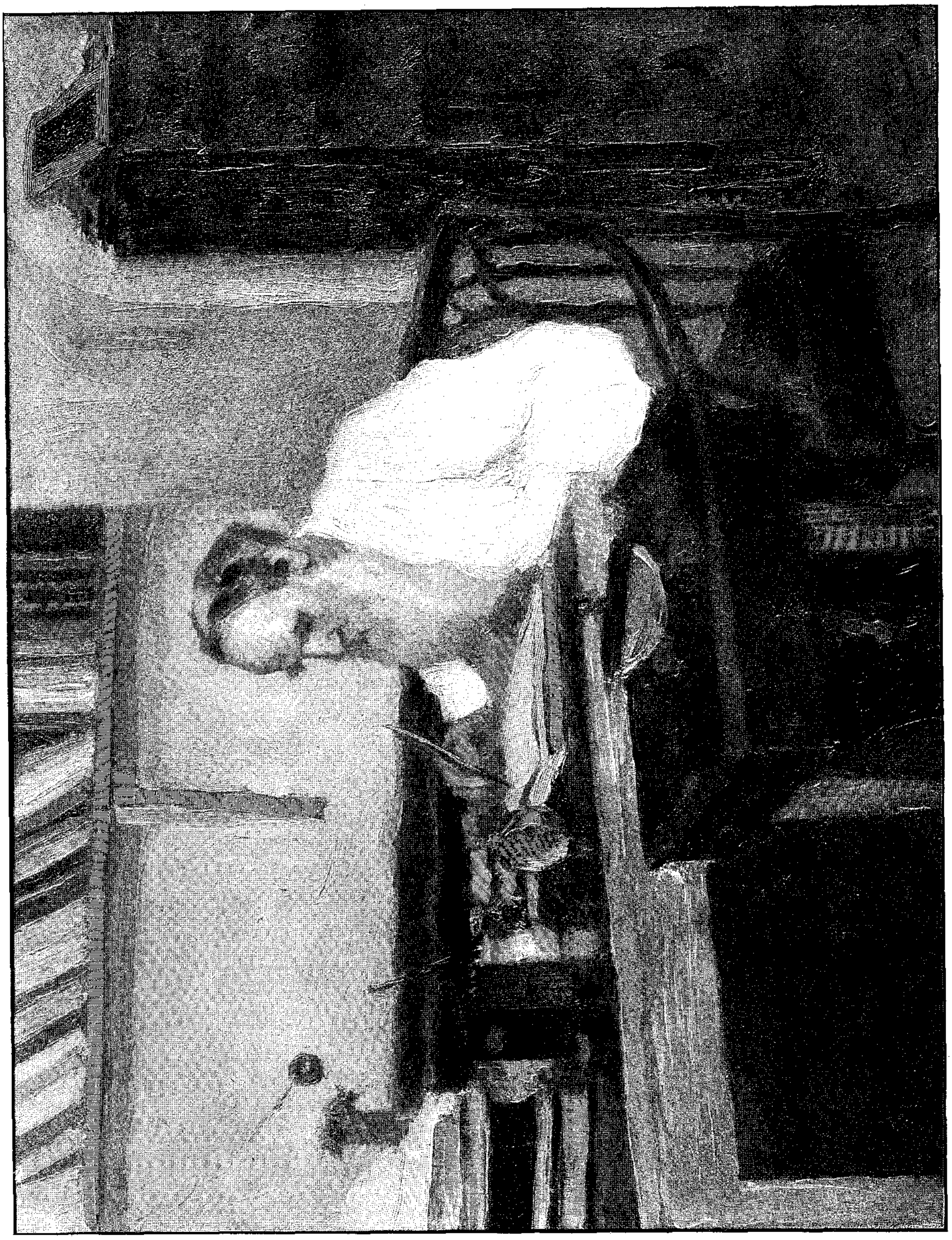
The manuscript is as unreadable as ever, and Maria Levovna had to be called upon to decipher those passages in which her father's pen had tangled the thought of the story by successive corrections. He was greatest and most precious when he laid down the manuscript and began to tell of his own feelings and emotions in those days. How little he spares himself! he gathers up every scrap of the past, even if by so doing he tarnishes his halo; but he tells truth and loves truth, even if truth makes him unlovely.

We know now that the stories of his childhood and youth which were the first products of his pen were not entirely autobiographical; that, in fact, they contained much which, while it grew in him, he did not experience in actual life. He made us all laugh by telling the story of his first dancing-lesson. He was so ungraceful that the dancing-master tied a stick of wood to his legs to make them stand out straight. "I could make better use of that stick of wood now," he said, pointing to his limbs, which were wrapped in a blanket. "But I shall surprise you to-morrow. I shall go for a walk."

After dinner, N—— was asked to play. The poor musician was so nervous that he had scarcely eaten anything, and when he sat down to the piano he fairly trembled from stage fright. First on the programme were Tolstoy's old favorites, Gluck, Brahms, and Handel. "They are so quiet," he says; "their passion was lofty and never base." Mozart came next, and charmed him most, for he loves him above all the composers. "He never stirs the evil and the low within us," he says of him, "and when he touches the emotions, he does it with delicacy and purity." Chopin Tolstoy enjoys very much, and among Slavic composers he finds him the most sympathetic. During the playing of one of Beethoven's sonatas he grew visibly agitated; and that much-condemned "Kreutzer Sonata" he heard with pleasure. Schumann's songs brought tears to his eyes; "it touched my heart so," he said, in excuse for his seeming weakness.

What a rapt listener he is, this iconoclast of art! how every fiber of his being responds to it, how he draws it in and how it intoxicates him! He knows, as did the Hebrew prophets, how art itself may become man's temple and his God, and he fights against his natural devotion to it, fearing that it might lure him from the narrow path which he has marked out for himself.

Long after the piano has echoed its last vibrant note we sit in silence and muse. The snowflakes fall thick and fast upon the already heavy-laden tree-tops, and it is winter without and within. The Count sits with his head sunk over his breast, the fingers of both hands pressed against each other, and tears in his eyes. Schumann's "Du bist die Ruh" has brought them out of his heart. Quiet, quiet everywhere but in our hearts; and is there quiet in his now that he is snowed in by old age and feels the approach of death? With peace upon his brow, there is also much pain, and such furrows seam his face as no other plowman draws but he who comes with labor and with tears. The glow of artistic success, the gratitude of those whom he has helped into the light, these ought to make the evening of his pilgrimage glorious. Yet each life has its tragedies, and those of us who know realize that he will carry to the yonder side some great



PAINTED FROM LIFE BY L PASTERNAK

sorrows. His tears are for a little boy, "Vantshek," as they called him, the only one of his thirteen children into whom seemed to have been breathed the same spirit by which he was filled by the Creator. The little one looked into the world with the same clear eyes as did his father, and clung to him conscious of that inner relationship, the kinship of the soul. He died. The hurt in the father's heart seemed healed; but out of the treasure of song which Schumann gave to the world, and to which he listened that afternoon, there came one tenderest note and tore open the old bleeding wound. Strangers crowd his doorway asking his blessing, and go out into the world to live as he has taught them; strangers listen with reverence to each one of his words and become his disciples; but among his own there is none to preach his message or to live it. No complaint has ever passed his lips, and the tragedy of his heart has no witness except his own great soul, which has taught itself to love, and in love to suffer.

His philosophy of life has not changed, his belief in the efficacy of Christ's law for the salvation of man and of society is as firm as ever, and his theological views have still the same agnostic ring; but he knows God, prays to God, loves God, and truly "loves his neighbor as himself," and does not ask, "Who is my neighbor?" It would belittle those great hours to tell all that he said and how he said it, to narrate his condemnations or write down what he approved. This was no day for a biographer to make notes or an artist to make sketches, but it was a day for men to look into the great heart of one of God's great men.

Russia knows no spring. April is still only winter painted green, and then all at once it is summer. Long, not over-straight furrows are being drawn upon the great fields which surround Yasnaya Polyana. Patient mujiks are led across the fertile acres by the more patient if not more intelligent horses; and where the wooden harrow has glided over the clods, women beat them into dust. A horseman comes from between the whitewashed towers, and the peasants say one to another, "Praise God, it is our master." It is a long time since they have seen him, and a longer time since they have seen him on horseback. The rider of fast horses who renounced that luxury years ago, and walked many a hundred miles, had been lifted by servants into the saddle, as he had been lifted a few months ago from voluntary hardship into involuntary ease.

The aristocratic peasant has become an aristocratic invalid, and the man who struggled for years against the conditions in which he was born will die in the same conditions, a prisoner to environment. He deplores it, mourns over it, and laments over an unreached ideal. He still envies the peasant, who, after a hard life, will lie down upon his bake-oven and die a happy death; but as little as Tolstoy could live just like a peasant, so little can he die like one. If he had the strength, he would now, in spite of the commands and the entreaties of his physician and his wife, take the handle of the wooden plow and follow it across the fragrant upturned sod. I venture to say: "Count, you have done your plowing; you have drawn a straighter furrow and a longer one right across Russia and into the heart of Europe and the New World," and the man who all his life believed in his power of achievement shakes his head doubtfully as he views the work he has done.

The sower follows the plowman and the women who beat the clods into dust. Majestically, rhythmically, and slowly he walks across the black, rich earth, casting his seed, more worshipful than the village priest who scatters incense for more or less holy purposes. The sower carries his seed in a white linen sheet which hangs from his shoulder, and he thrusts his hand into it as does an artist his brush into his colors, or a generous man his fingers into his treasury. With wistful eyes Tolstoy follows his movements, quite unconscious of the fact that he has been sowing more precious seed upon larger fields; but if you call his attention to this, he will say, "The best of it was only chaff." Yet undisguised pleasure shows itself in his face when one speaks of his influence which has gone over the whole world. This very spring two American millionaires came, repeating the words of the rich young ruler and receiving the same answer, but not going "away sorrowful." Each day brings tidings of new fields upon which the seed has fallen, each day brings some ripened fruit, some apostles, more disciples, admirers most of all. If you speak to him of this, he will answer, "Thus I know that His word is truth."

Yet he envies the sower with his white sheet and his golden seed. "That man will die with nothing to regret and everything to expect," he says, and he would willingly change places with him immediately. "Why not?" he says to the astonished listener. "Is he not happier than the Czar, or the Emperor of Austria, or the Kings of Saxony or Servia? Has he not a more guiltless conscience? Who in this world is to be envied if not he? Has he not a saner philosophy than Nietzsche, has he not a loftier theology than the Metropolitan of Moscow, has he not a healthier enjoyment of art than Wagner, is he not in closer touch with nature than millions of the wealthy who lock themselves into fireproof cages and know nature only from the railroad cars and affection only from sentimental novels?" Such is the flow of his thought each day; not so pessimistic as it sounds when coined into words, for hopefully and joyfully he is waiting for the harvest, and although he will not again be able to thrust his sickle into the ripened grain, he believes that God's in his heaven—all's right with the world!

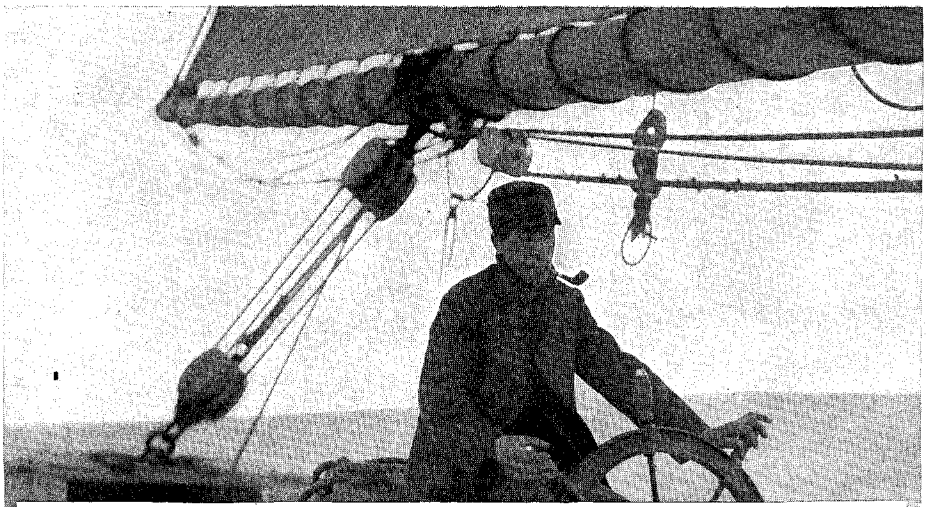
He is really aged; his form is bent, his step is slow, but his vision is not dimmed. He is young and vigorous in his condemnations, and younger still in those things which rejuvenate themselves each day, and which never fail—Faith, Hope, and Love. He is still Russia's greatest living writer, in spite of the new stars which have arisen—Gorky, Tschechoff, Andrejeff. He is still the one bold, unmuffled voice which protests against the wrongs perpetrated by State and Church, by Czar, priest, and populace. His name is still the password which leads into the homes and hearts of all the lovers of freedom and believers in the law of Christ, but all he desires is to remain one of the Master's humblest disciples "even unto the end."

* * *

The Gargoyle's Secret

By Merivale Philbrick-Reed

On yonder house-wall, centuries hurt, and gray
As Death itself, the trailing jessamine
Has spread a mantle, richer, lovelier far
Than that famed Fleece of Gold which Jason sought;—
Its jeweled tendrils ever reaching higher
Climb till they touch the useless Gargoyle's head
Beneath the eaves, and learn the secret kept
Through glowing days. . . . Hid in those savage jaws
A wood-dove broods upon her patient nest,
Fearless, at peace within her strange retreat.



With the Gloucester Fishermen

By A. W. Dimock

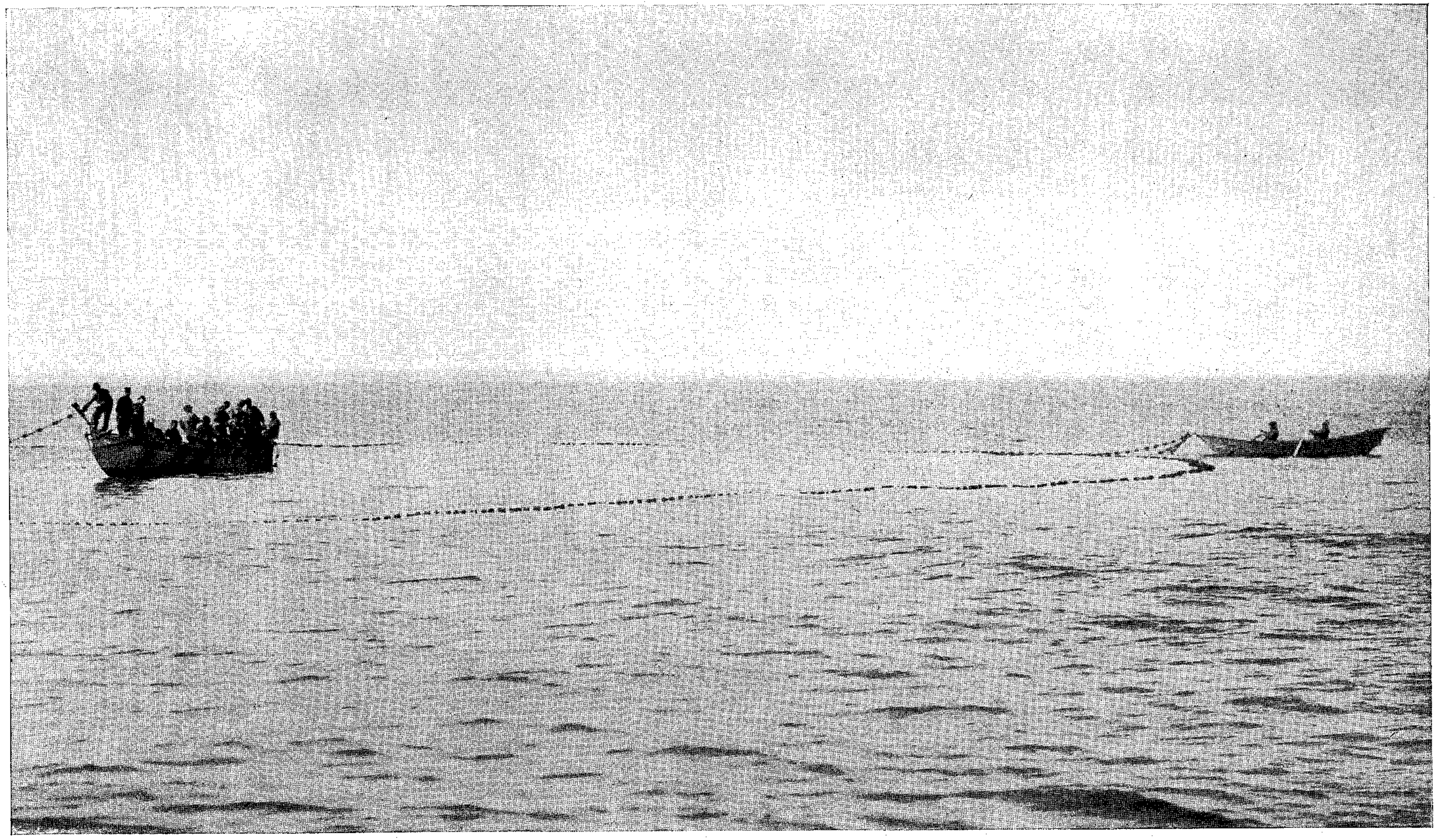
Illustrated with Photographs by Julian A. Dimock

"STAND by the boats!"

I rolled out of my bunk aboard a Gloucester seiner and tumbled up the companionway in the clothes in which I had slept. There is little undressing in a fishing schooner off the coast of Nova Scotia. Climate and the exigencies of the business forbid.

The blackness of the night was dotted with the red and green eyes of the fishing fleet which, under shortened sail, to the number of a score, was cruising near. Each eye was jealously fixed upon us; our change in heading of a few points had been noted; half a dozen schooners had shaped their courses to correspond with ours, and like great bloodhounds we were following the phosphorescent trail, the "water fires," of a school of mackerel swimming near the surface of the water half a mile ahead. The crew, clad in oilskins, rubber boots, and an occasional sou'wester, had obeyed the call to oars, and already the boats were manned. Silence was broken only by low-voiced orders from the captain in the shrouds to the man at the wheel. The schooner bore away, her course parallel with that of the fish, and a quarter of a mile distant therefrom, until, having passed the school, she was thrown up in the wind. Sliding to the deck, the captain jumped for the seine-boat, which with the dory melted into the night.

Mackerel are alert and shy. We followed them in silence and darkness, our solitary lantern hidden in a bag at the bow of the dory. The stern of the seine-boat was heaped with half a mile of net, one hundred feet deep, weighing with its sinkers three thousand pounds. Beside the net, ready to pay it out, were two of the crew. Another handled the long steering-oar, while the captain, in command, stood upon the piled-up net where he had jumped. The forward end of the boat was filled with nine oarsmen. There was no room for a drone, and I was stowed away in the dory with two of the crew, charged only with the obvious duty of effacing myself. Only the cook and the gasoline engineer were left on the schooner. The former was at the helm, with duties enough to keep him awake. He was to trim the sails, to follow the boats by the hour through Egyptian darkness, always to be near, but not too near, and never to



SEINING

UNLOADING HADDOCK FROM A GLOUCESTER FISHING SCHOONER

alarm the fish. He was not to be run down, and, if possible, was to avoid running down any other member of the fishing fleet, or even the unlighted seine-boats with which they might crowd the waters. He was to have a hot supper and warm beds always ready for seventeen hungry men.

When within two hundred yards of the mackerel and a little ahead of their course, one end of the net was given to the dory, which remained stationary while the net was paid out from the larger boat as it was rowed rapidly in front of the school. When half surrounded the fish struck the net and dashed hither and thither in wild alarm. They swam toward the dory, but were frightened back by the splashing of oars. Before they found the gap in their environment, it was closed and they were prisoners. A long line running through iron rings fixed to the bottom of the net was drawn in, pursing the net as it was pulled aboard the seine-boat by a windlass, until the portion remaining in the water inclosed twenty thousand pounds of mackerel in almost solid mass.

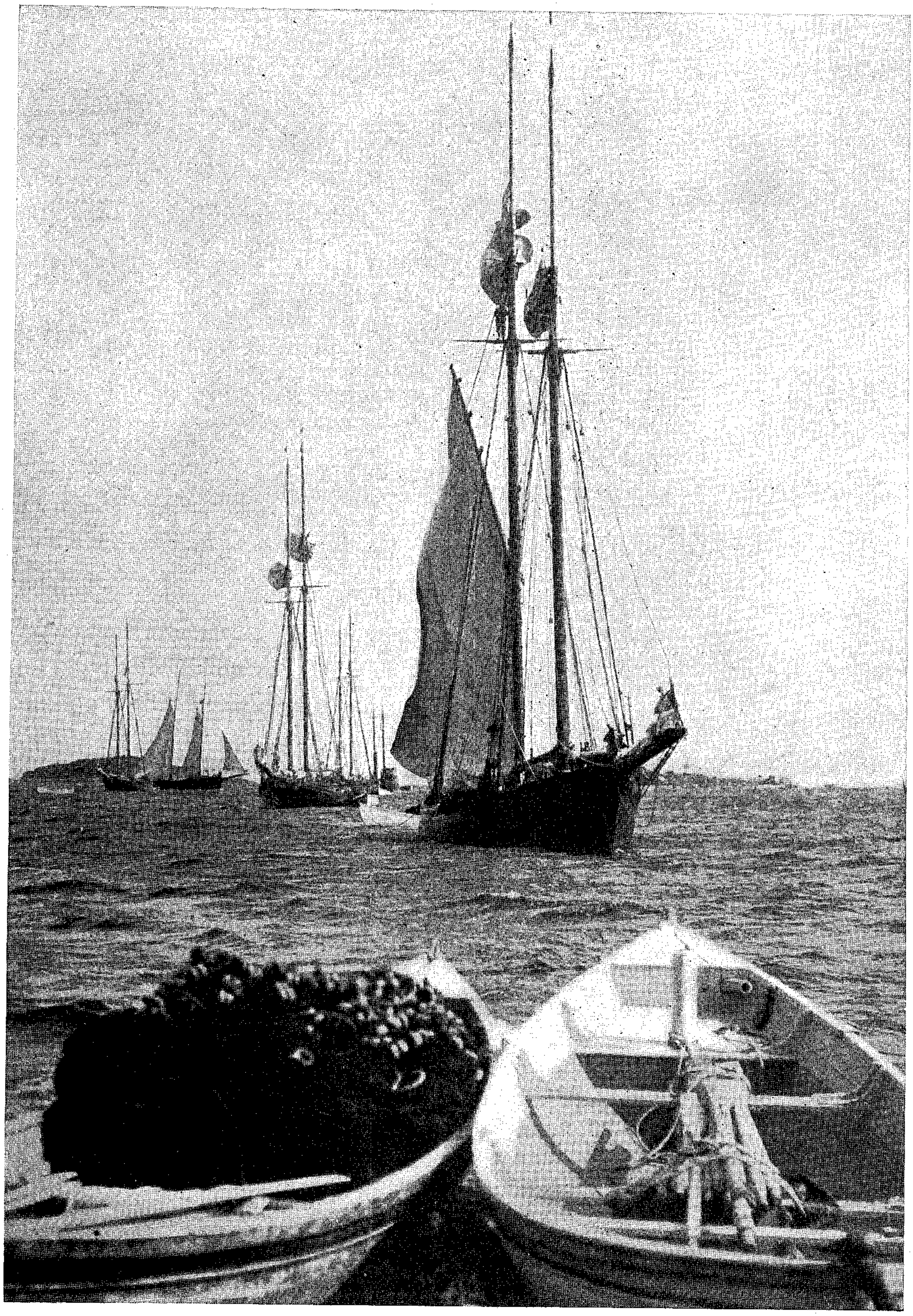
His work on the seine-boat finished, the captain came on board the dory and was quickly rowed to the schooner. With his hand upon the wheel, as he laid the schooner beside the net with exactness, he spoke of needful haste, for the curious reason that in very cold water the fish soon become exhausted and their dead weight unmanageable. Twenty feet of the top of the net was made fast along the schooner's rail, while in the seine-boat a dozen Titans heaved and strained and struggled with ten tons of wriggle, flop, and slime. Deep in the mass the captain plunged a Brobdingnagian scoop-net, with handle twenty feet long and iron mouth three feet in diameter. When filled it called for six men at the tackle to hoist it on board. Each minute a solid stream of fish poured on the main deck, filling every space and crevice, burying boxes, barrels, and coils of rope, and mounting above the quarter-deck until that, too, was covered, and men were working in a sea of fish, the incoming tide rising to their waists. For a strenuous hour the light of torches illumined the faces and silhouetted against the night the forms of men pursing the burdened net. A single false note marred the harmony of their sweeping action. "Who is that man?" I asked the captain during one of his brief intervals of respite. "That's the hobo—a good man, but a bad sailor; one who works hard, but wouldn't make a fisherman in a thousand years."

The emptied net was piled upon the quarter-deck and sprinkled with salt "to keep it cool," but no rest came to the men. No fisherman may undress until all the fish are dressed. Occasionally one of the crew plunged into the forecastle for a few minutes to "mug up," which means sampling the perennial breakfast which the cook is expected to maintain. Trays were hastily erected for splitting, gibbing, and salting. Fish were shoveled upon these trays and split from head to tail by a slash of the knife along the side, sometimes at the incredible rate of sixty to the minute by a single man. When split they are tossed to the gibber, gibbed with like celerity, and dropped into barrels, which are flooded with salt water as fast as filled. Gib is euphemism for a less pleasing word. When the decks have been cleared of fish, the trays are covered with salt, in which are dipped the mackerel taken from the wash-barrels. The migrations of mackerel are established, and a well-settled itinerary regulates the visits of their schools to our coast. They are scheduled to arrive at the Nova Scotia shore on the twentieth of May, and any variation is believed to be due to leap year or some other calendar discrepancy. They remain two weeks, sail for the Orient on the third of June, and are lost to civilization until the late fall. Their schools are up to date; only dunces can be caught to-day on the old-time hand line, and even modern methods fail with the mackerel of experience, who, when surrounded by the seine, promptly dives and escapes. We rounded up one small school which sank into the depths after the net closed about it and before it could be pursed. Our net return was a photograph of a circle of corks inclosing undisturbed water. In many respects crews differ, like creeds. Ours was a sober crowd, with no liquor save in the medicine-chest, while another schooner was reckoned short-handed if half the crew happened to be sober at the same time. One crew in the fleet did not play cards, but on the other boats poker shortened the many long days between catches. I asked one of the crew if they played cards all the time. He said they did, excepting on Sundays, when they knitted.

These sailor-fishermen are a democratic lot, making small distinction between forecastle and cabin. They are partners in the business, entitled to one-half the profits, although certain expenses reduce their share nearly to one-third. The capitalist who owns the outfit and partially provisions the boat receives the other half. The captain gets a bonus of from five to eight per cent. of the gross profits in addition to his pro rata as a member of the crew. If the boat has a gasoline engine, it is reckoned as one of the crew and paid as such. The cook gets the share of a member of the crew, and in addition the latter chip in and pay him wages. Every half-hour during the night the watch inspects the sleepers in the cabin to guard against asphyxiation.

There was no story-book sailor on the schooner. When I was seasick, no one seemed amused. I was coddled and cared for, and fruit and sympathy tendered me. The men were genial, independent, and intelligent, with a good sense of humor. A careless man at the wheel was asked if he was tying knots in the wake. One who drew a long bow was warned that he would get to believe that story himself if he told it so often.

The Gloucester fishing schooner just begins to enjoy herself in storms that make ocean greyhounds dizzy. Skip-



THE SEINING FLEET RUNNING INTO WHITEHAVEN HARBOR, N. S.

BAITING UP TRAWLS

pers glory in the seaworthiness of their craft, and of one it was said that he never ran for harbor in a storm, and never shortened sail until he had carried away his topmast. Good sense controls in the seining fleet, and it seeks the nearest harbor when the weather becomes too stormy for fishing. So the captain told me as I stood beside him at the wheel while a storm was brewing. "Why don't you run now?" I asked him. "Nobody likes to start first," he replied, as at the turn of his hand the schooner fell off several points and bore straight for Halifax. In another minute every boat in the fleet was on the same course. One day, as I was cultivating the demeanor of an old salt, a sudden squall caused the mainsail to jibe. As the boom swung over our heads and the main sheet swept the deck, I maintained my dignified air of indifference until I saw the captain on his face hugging the deck. Then I, too, flopped. While detained in the harbor of Halifax by some food regulations of the custom-house, a Nova Scotian came aboard complaining that some sailor had stolen his dog. Regardful of the reputation of his countrymen, our skipper took the man aboard the other boats of the fishing fleet to convince him that Americans didn't steal dogs.

Fishermen enjoy a practical joke, even if it proves a boomerang. As Captain Ruggy was entering Beaver Harbor during a blow, in advance of the rest of the fleet, he was closely followed by a schooner whose captain had never made the harbor. Ruggy sailed across the mouth of the harbor; then, tacking, began to zigzag, as if fol-

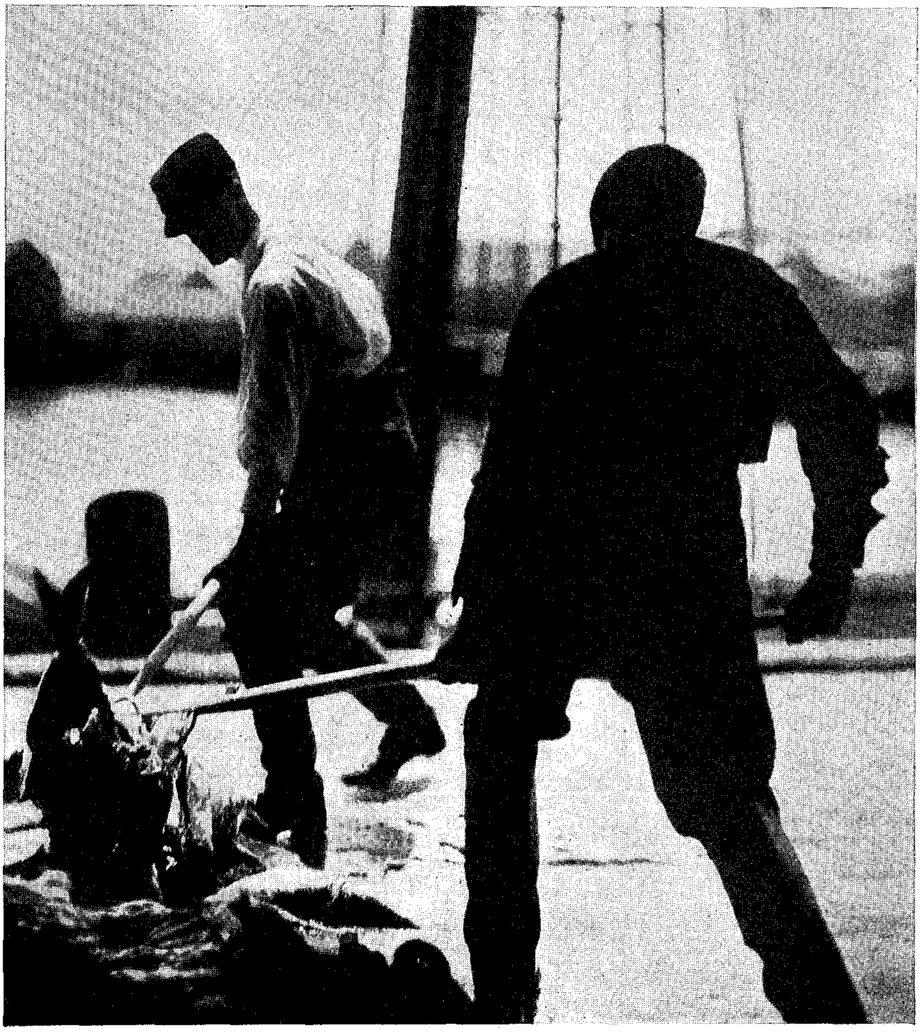
FOR HADDOCK

lowing a tortuous channel. The green captain followed the first course, and then sailed for the middle of the harbor, straight over all Ruggy's imaginary obstacles, and was the first to anchor. There was cheering in the fleet, and things were said and are yet said to Captain Ruggy—lest he forget. Our captain was called a "lucky skipper." It was the kind of luck that kept at the masthead in fishy weather, that read every ripple in the water and every sail on its surface. One day he was bothered. We were homeward bound, with a fair wind, making a straight wake from Cape Sable to Boston, with the patent log reeling off knots at a wonderful rate. Land was due, but didn't show up, and there were no soundings where soundings ought to have been. A fog closed around us, and as we hove to the captain took in the log, saying to it, "According to you, Ananias, we are twenty miles inland and liable to run down a church any minute." The log was lying.

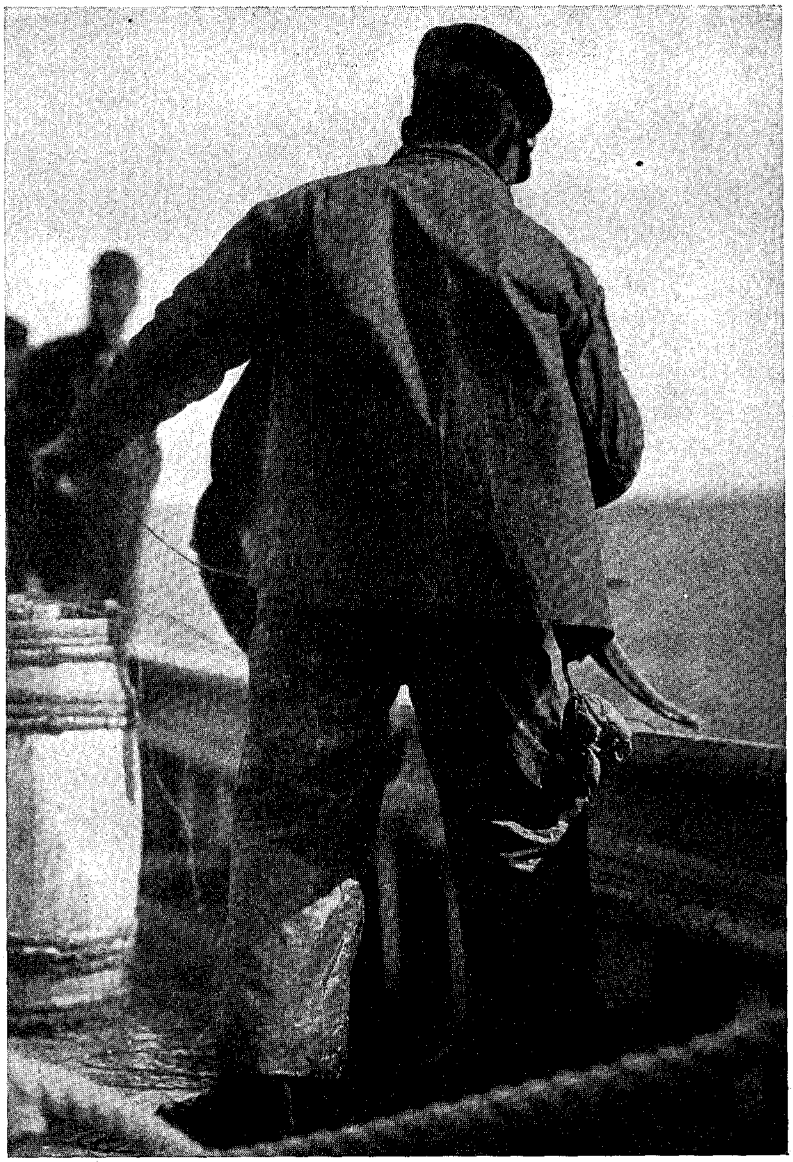
The gambling instinct that turns so many wheels of human enterprise mans the Gloucester fishing fleet. The daily life is prosaic, the pay poor, but every day contains the chance of a prize in the lottery of the deep which may equal the wages of months of hard work on shore. Good fishing days are few; fog spoils many and high winds more. While cruising, one man is at the helm, another keeps watch from the masthead, as the schooner sails to and fro under light sails. The rest of the crew are scattered about the deck, playing poker in the forecastle, or laying in stores of sleep and food against the days when they will have time for neither. During this the playtime of the seiner the occasional calms are utilized to supply the home larder with cod for the year. These are caught with hand lines from the schooner, usually in about thirty fathoms of water. Swordfish are perquisites of the crew, and when sighted are pursued with harpoons, to the vast entertainment of all hands.

Lines are graven early on the faces of the women of Gloucester. The girl who marries a fisherman in her early twenties takes more than even chances of being a widow in her thirties. Memorial day in Gloucester is unique in its celebration of the terrible tax levied upon human life by a human industry. On that midwinter day children cast flowers upon the freezing waters of Gloucester Harbor; one child to each flower, one flower for each victim of the sea during the preceding year. After the exercises in the harbor there is a memorial service at the City Hall, with addresses, reading the names of the dead, and prayers.

Seining, which lasts from April to October, is the play of the fisherman; if the play gets rough, he slips into harbor. But in the winter he must fight to a finish his battle with the elements, for on the Banks there is no harbor. He must brave storms which sweep his decks with waves so high that even a seaman



HANDLING FISH ON A GLOUCESTER WHARF



PLAYTIME ON A SEINER

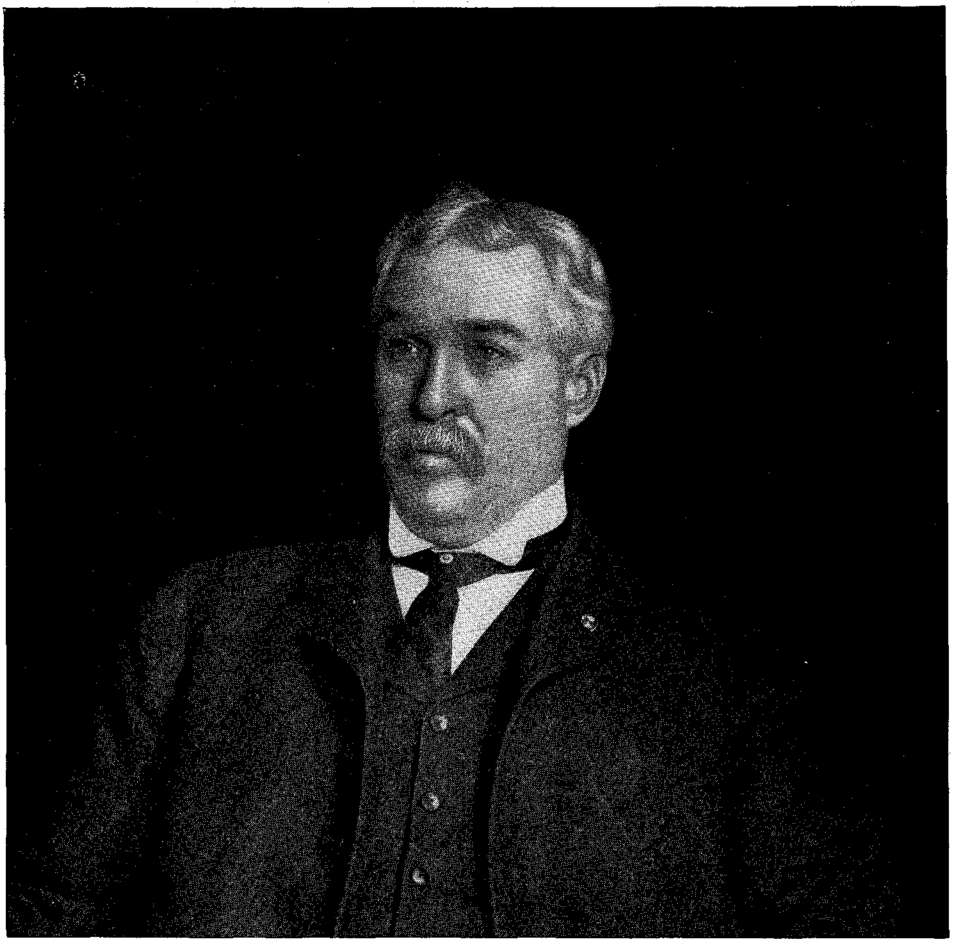
No mackerel in sight, so the crew catch codfish on hand lines for the home supply.

dares not estimate them, and which roll his craft until the coals burning in the galley are spilled upon its roof, and the common name of all his stores of food is hash. He struggles with the wheel in weather that exhausts him in a fifteen-minute shift, and in the bitterest cold beats ice from rigging and decks knowing that neglect means more flowers in the harbor on memorial day. He rides out winter gales at the end of half a mile of cable, which it then often takes a full day to hoist aboard. If an anchor fouls a telegraph cable, it is cut loose and a bill for the lost anchor and cable sent to the cable company, which pays it with promptness.

The skipper of a schooner on the Banks with eight or ten dories afloat lives anxious hours. There is menace in every change of wind or barometer, and peril in each bank of fog—that winding-sheet of the fisherman. On the last day of a successful season the captain of a Gloucester fishing schooner sent out eight dories, in one of which were his only son and the brother of his wife. As the boy pushed off, his father reminded him that he would be homeward bound on the morrow. Two hours later a great bank of fog blotted out sea and sky. Seven dories found their way home, but not the one bearing the boy and his uncle. As the day wore on and the swelling waves gave premonition of a coming storm the crew launched dories, and, rowing in every direction, sounded their horns in the vain hope of finding the boy and his mate, until the captain forbade the useless risk of life. Soon after the blackness of night had joined the impenetrable fog the rising wind became a gale from the northeast, laden with needles of ice which swept away the fog but left small hope for the lost fishermen. With the coming of day the cable was cut and the hopeless search began. During two days the schooner boxed the compass, sailing on every course, and zigzagging until her wake had spider-webbed a hundred square miles of turbulent water. Then a grave, silent man, whose face had aged ten years in a few days, slowly turned over the wheel as he ordered the tautened sheets slackened until the bow of the boat pointed toward the descending sun. For five hundred monotonous miles the schooner, without change of course or the starting of a sheet, alternately climbed the heaving waves and plunged through hissing, foam-covered water to the valleys between. Then the gale died out quickly, as it had arisen, and was followed by vexations of fog and of calm, which wasted many days before the twin lights of Thatcher's Island outlined themselves to the sorrowful fishermen. As the schooner entered the inner harbor, with its colors at half-mast, it was greeted with cheers from the boats at anchor and from the wharves. To the returning fishermen bearing their message of sorrow the welcome seemed ill-timed, and they made no response until, as the wharf was neared, a keen-eyed sailor sprang to the signal halyards and quickly ran up the half-masted flag, chock-a-block, while the crew cheered wildly and big tears rolled down the bronzed cheek of the skipper. On the wharf waving her shawl stood the wife of the captain, with her son and brother beside her. When the fog swallowed up the boy and his uncle, they were struggling with their anchor, which had fouled, and before it was cleared they had lost their bearings, and, being without a compass, had probably pulled straight away from the schooner. They passed a terrible night, laboring at the oars to keep from freezing, and were nearly dead with cold and exhaustion when morning broke upon a pitiless sea, whose every wave threatened destruction. Hope came to them once in the guise of an Atlantic liner, a greyhound of the deep, until the ocean Pharisee passed by on the other side. But the good Samaritan followed in the form of a tramp steamer bound for Boston, which rescued the fishermen at about the last moment when rescue would have been worth while.

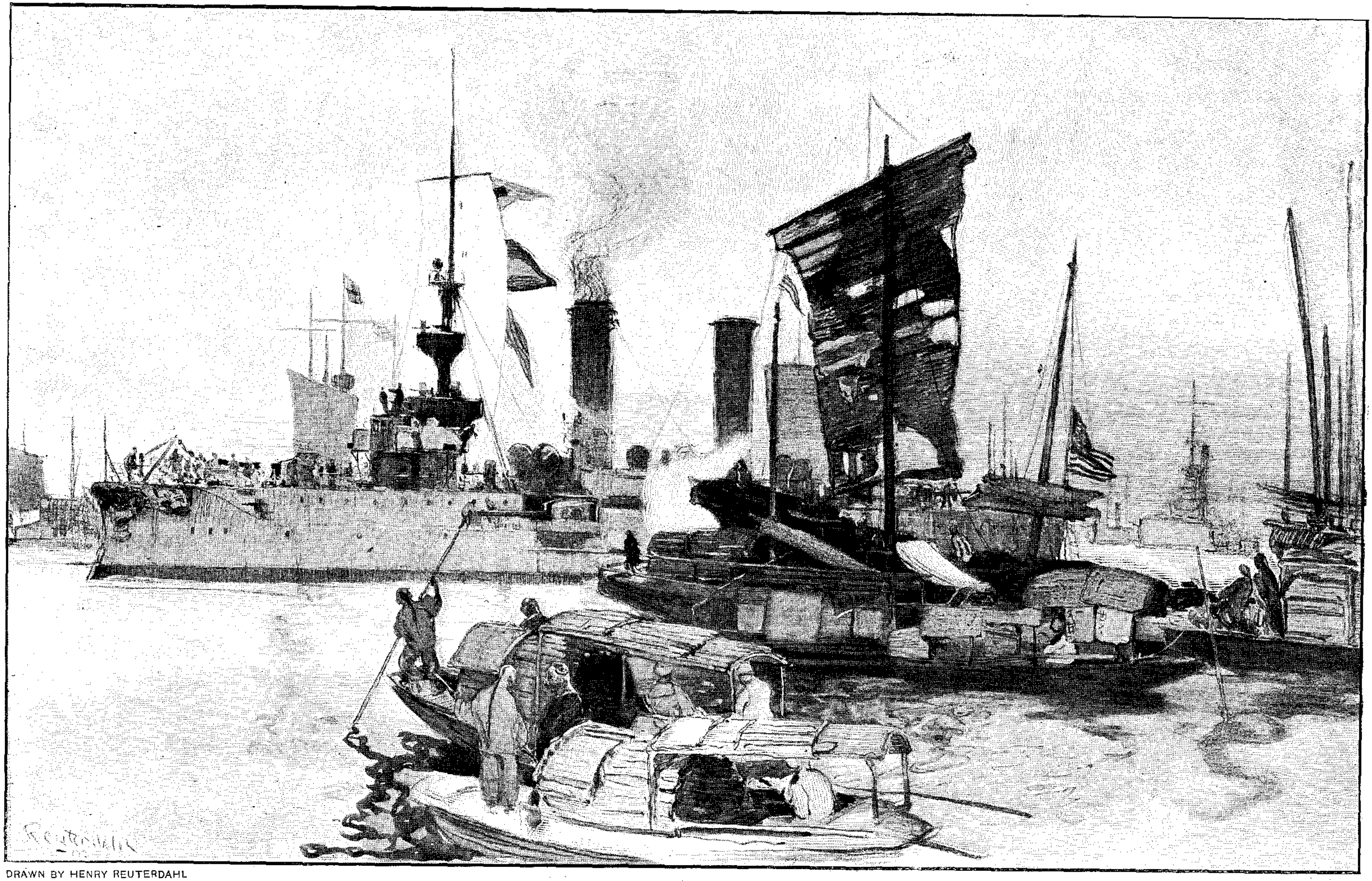
Last year half a dozen fishing schooners spent the winter frozen up in the ice of Newfoundland, where they had gone for bait. The fishermen made occasional trips over the ice for firewood, and lived generally as safely and comfortably as Arctic explorers. There is free trade in fishing on the banks. No trust controls the waters and standardizes men and machinery alike until any missing fragment of either can be duplicated from its stores. Nor has any trade-union stretched upon its Procrustean bed the fishermen of Gloucester. They are a rugged race, these fishermen, with the independence of their lives reflected in their characters. I was indebted to them for many favors, but when at the end of a cruise I sought to pay for my fare, my board, and my pleasure, I found that I had been a guest and that what had been done for me had not been done for money.

A few hours later, in the roar and confusion of the great city of my home, I wondered how far I would have to look for as much hospitality, although as a stranger there were many who would have taken me in.



The First Chief of Staff

GENERAL Samuel B. M. Young, who will be the first Chief of Staff of the Army of the United States, has had the unique experience of having served for one week only as the General Commanding of that army. Under the new army law, General Young succeeded General Miles, whose retirement we have already noted, but after the expiration of a single week this title, which has been held since the Civil War by Grant, Sherman, Schofield, and Miles, lapses, and the new system, under which the Chief of Staff forms a most important part, comes into existence with General Young as its first head. It is expected that General Young will retire from active service next January, and it is probable that he will be followed as Chief of Staff by General Chaffee. General Young is now sixty-three years old. He entered the army of the United States as a private in 1861, and has had a career marked in an unusual degree by brilliant and gallant services. Throughout the Civil War he was promoted rapidly for individual achievement and for executive and military ability. When he was mustered out from the volunteer service, the order noted especially his "gallant and meritorious services during the campaign terminating with the surrender of the insurgent army under General R. E. Lee." He almost immediately entered the regular army as captain, and his more than thirty-five years' service in the regular army is marked also by frequent promotions and by many special commendations. Our readers will remember his notably brilliant work in the recent Philippine campaigns.



DRAWN BY HENRY REUTERDAHL

THE NEW ORLEANS ENTERING THE HARBOR OF SHANGHAI TO PROTECT AMERICAN INTERESTS

THE NEW AMERICAN NAVY

BY JOHN D. LONG

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FROM 1897 TO 1902

WORK OF THE NAVY SINCE THE WAR WITH SPAIN[1]

NOR were all the gallant deeds of the war deeds of martial prowess. Peace hath her heroisms no less renowned than war. There was nothing more gallant or inspiring than the rescue of the Spaniards from their sinking ships by our men at Santiago. Sampson says in his report: "The Iowa, assisted by the Ericsson and the Hist, took off the crew of the Vizcaya, while the Harvard and the Gloucester rescued those of the Infanta Maria Teresa and the Almirante Oquendo. The ships were burning fore and aft, their guns and reserve ammunition were exploding, and it was not known at what moment the fire would reach the main magazines. In addition to this a heavy surf was running just inside of the Spanish ships. But no risk deterred our officers and men until their work of humanity was complete." The Indiana also "sent boats," says Captain Taylor, "with surgeons on shore to the burning vessels to assist in caring for the wounded." Captain Philip's tender words, already quoted in a former chapter, have become historic. Our later treatment of our naval prisoners is especially creditable, and was in the spirit of the highest gallantry. The officers, with Cervera at the head, were quartered in the Naval Academy buildings on the delightful grounds at Annapolis, and there treated with the utmost consideration, which he and they cordially appreciated and acknowledged. The sailors were taken to the navy-yard grounds at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, provided with new and excellent barracks, the best of food, medical attendance, and everything that could conduce to their comfort.

Nor first among the heroes of that time should be forgotten the name of President McKinley. If ever head and heart and conscience were, in the fear of God and with prayerful sense of duty, devoted to country and to fellow-men, McKinley's were. No President ever more embodied the common sense and the best spirit of the people. None was ever in closer and more mutually confiding touch and sympathy with them, and none has ever had such a hold on the trust and cordially co-operating responsiveness of their representatives in the National Congress. He sought their welfare in the expansion of their moral, educational, industrial, and commercial activities, and in their peace and harmonious co-operation among themselves and with all the peoples of the world. Peace everywhere he sought. How beautifully and successfully he was all the time casting the balm of healing into the wounds, if any were anywhere still left rankling, after the Civil War! The blue and the gray recognized in him the President of their reunited hearts as well as of their reunited States. He strained every effort to avert war with Spain. When it came, he inspired into it every sentiment of generosity. From his private purse, unknown to many even to this day, he gave thousands of dollars to relieve the necessities of the starving Cubans. He was always on the watch to send his message of good will to every soldier in the field, to recognize quickly every gallant deed done, and to help in every way to lighten the burden and cheer the labors of the campaign. Wherever he could put the rosebud of a kind word or act into any hand—and the humbler and needier the quicker—he gave it straight from his own. He seized the first opportunity for a cessation of hostilities and for terms of peace. The whole atmosphere of his presence and influence was benignant peace. His official life was one long act of heroism. Merciful, pure in heart, peacemaker, reverent, sincere, simple in habit, an ideal of home life, eloquent and persuasive in speech, and wise and far and wide seeing in the conduct of affairs, no detail of which escaped his ken, loyal to friend, kind to all, and in sympathy with every class, progressive, yet never giving cause for the fear of disaster, how safe was the rudder of state in his hand, and how, if we seek the elements of a true hero, he embodied them! How that noble and endeared face still shines upon us through the years!

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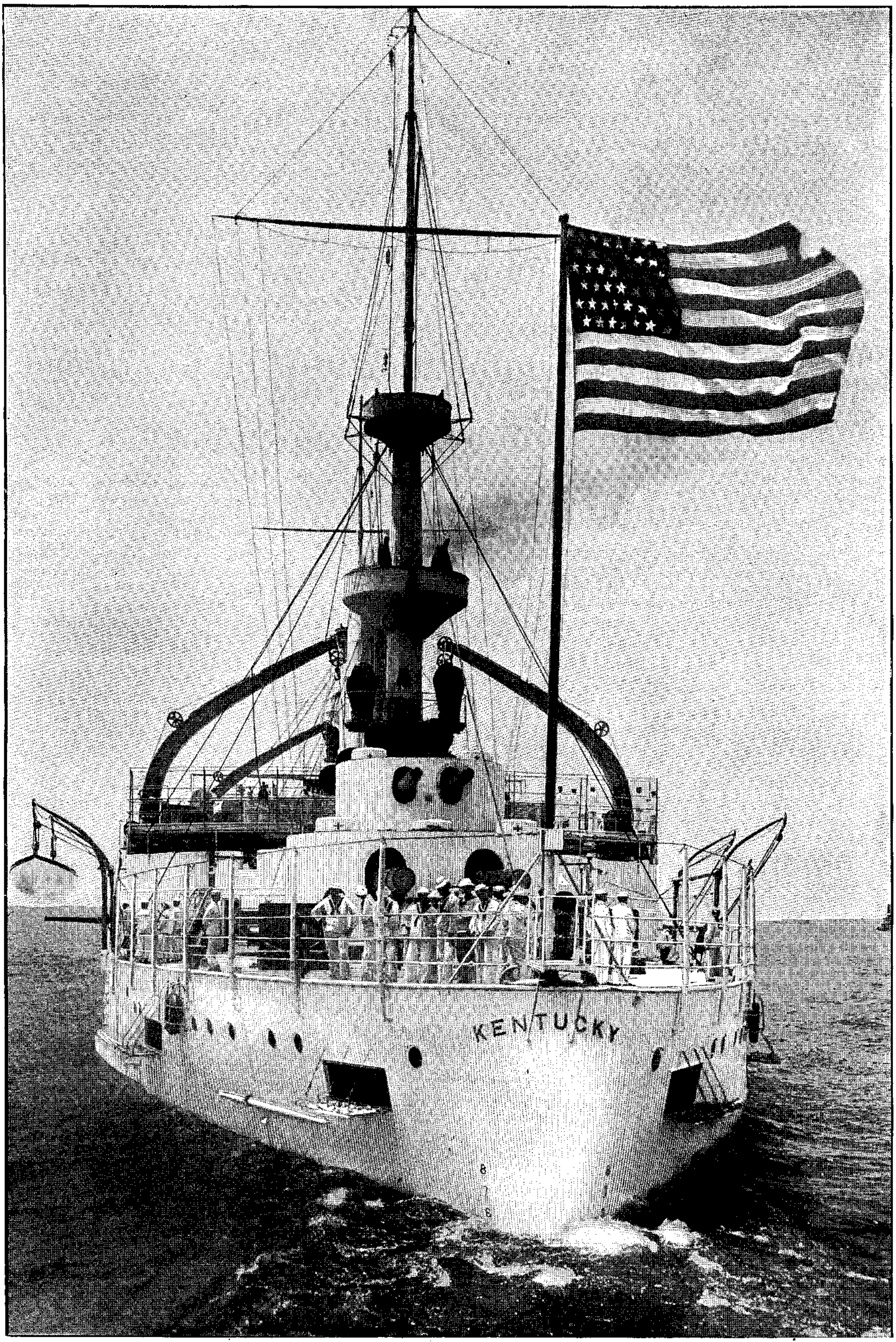
It is pleasant to recall the gallant conduct during the war of others than our own. Among these is Ramsden, the English consul at Santiago. As soon as he learned of the capture of Hobson and his men he actively visited them in prison, saw that they were supplied with bedding and good food, and secured their removal to quarters in the city. It was a fine instance not only of individual gallantry, but of the better spirit of the age. After the war Mr. R. U. Johnson, of the "Century Magazine," suggested to me the erection of some memorial to this hero. A heavy bronze tablet, designed by Mr. Robert G. Skerrett, of the Navy Department, was cast by it at the Washington Navy-Yard and affixed to the house in Santiago where Ramsden lived. A replica was set up at the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The inscription was prepared by the Hon. Frank W. Hackett, then the accomplished Assistant Secretary of the Navy, always interested in good works. Lord Pauncefote, the English Ambassador, wrote expressing the gratification which his Government directed him to express at this tribute.

Then, too, could anything be more gallant than the conduct of the Spanish Admiral Cervera! His rescue of Hobson and his men from watery graves, his considerate treatment of them, his fearless heading of the forlorn hope of the exit of his fleet from Santiago (the order to execute which he bravely obeyed though he knew it probably meant descent into the jaws of death), his generous bearing at all times, especially after his defeat and during his sojourn among us here, made him almost as popular among our people as one of our own heroes. It has seemed to me that there was never a war in which there was so little personal enmity. The fine and devoted spirit of the Spanish queen-mother justly touched the sympathies of us all. Ours was certainly a gallant and an intelligent foe. The Spaniard has always been a brave sailor and soldier. His officers in the recent war were men of marked courage and ability. They went to death in the most



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THE KENTUCKY

gallant spirit of loyalty to their country and duty. Many of their reports, letters, and contemporaneous and later writings on the various phases of the naval and military situations are especially creditable to them and full of information and light for us, excellent in description and statement and spirit. We have always been friends with Spain and do not forget her help in early days, but we ought now to be better friends for this recent falling out and then the making-up between us. Spain has lost Cuba and the Philippines, but neither was of any value to her, as she is probably well aware. On the other hand, both of them, relieved from ill-fitting incumbrance, are swiftly moving on to better conditions, which are already in full evidence. As for our own United States, it seems to have borne most of the cost and brunt of the crisis. Let us hope that it will have its reward, not so much in the expansion of its territorial possessions as in the moral, industrial, and commercial expansion of its influence, its institutions, and its republican spirit.

In the Philippines, Samoa, and China, American sailors and marines performed service as efficient and valiant as in the war with Spain.

Manila was virtually captured on May 1, when Montojo's squadron was destroyed and Dewey notified the Spanish Governor-General that he would fire upon the city if the batteries defending it opened upon his ships. The city was not occupied by us at that time because Dewey could not spare from his squadron the force necessary for this purpose.

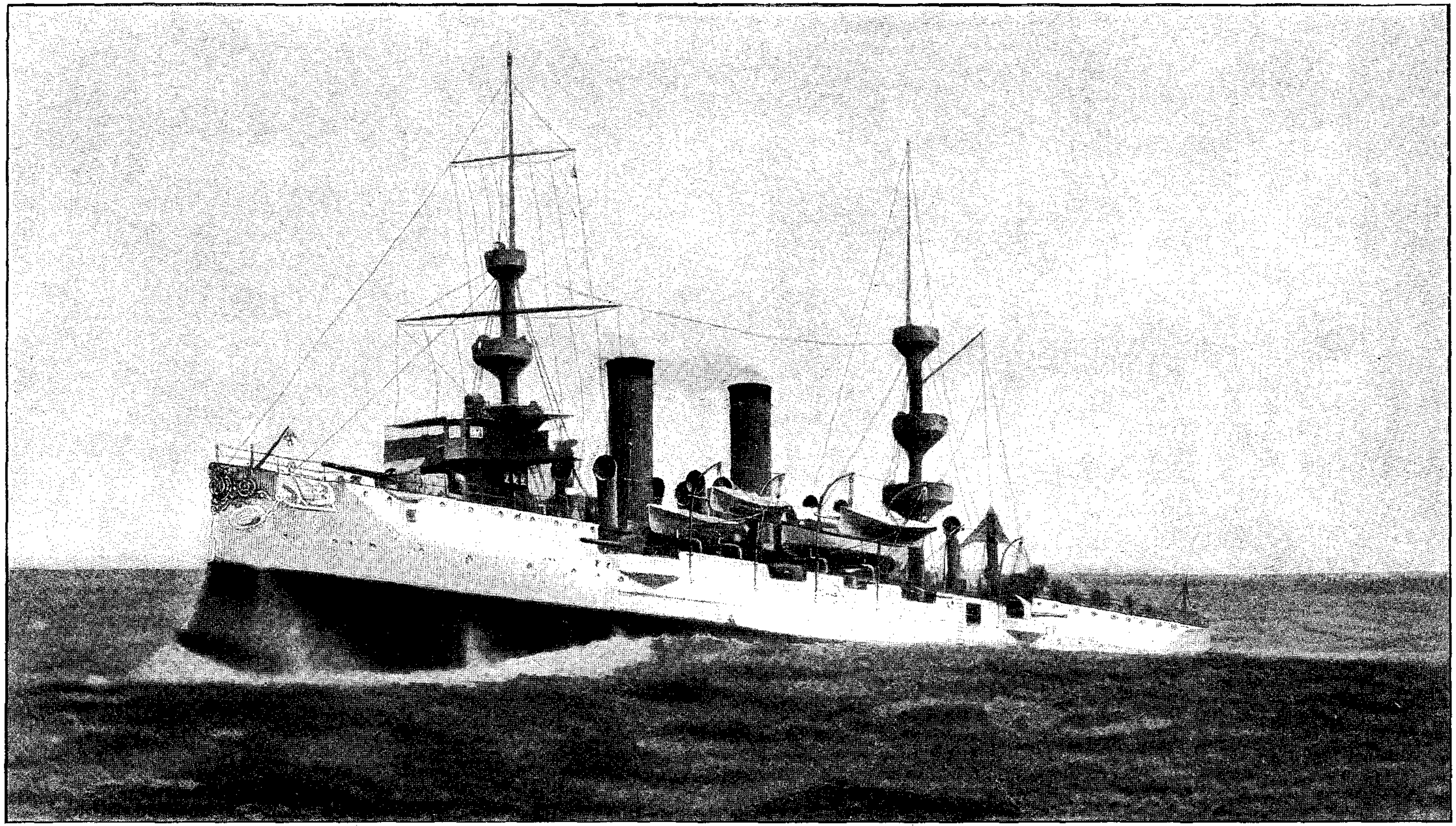
On February 4, 1899, the insurgents made their first attempt to drive the Americans into the sea. The navy co-operated with the army, shelling the insurgent trenches at points where they could be reached. From that time until the close of the insurrection, American ships were busily engaged and co-operated with the army in patrolling the waters of the archipelago and cutting off war supplies sent to the insurgents from Hongkong and Chinese ports, and in making surveys and correcting charts for the benefit of trading as well as war vessels. Thirteen small gunboats, purchased by the military authorities from Spain, were turned over to the navy, and, with the addition of those captured by Dewey, an effective mosquito fleet of seventeen vessels was formed. They were commanded for the most part by young ensigns and cadets, who displayed gallantry and, except in a few isolated instances, excellent judgment. The navy was the first to land a force at Iloilo, on the island of Panay, entering the town on February 11, a week after the insurgent attack upon Manila. A military force, under Brigadier-General Marcus P. Miller, followed later in the wake of the naval detachment and took possession. But for the promptness with which the navy had acted, the insurgents would have destroyed the town by fire. Between February 27 and April 4, Ensign Cleland Davis, of the Helena, with three marines, forming a Colt gun crew, joined General MacArthur's division operating north of Manila and "performed valiant service and rendered valuable aid to our troops." Sailors and marines destroyed at Olongapo, in September, 1899, a heavy rifle gun mounted and defended by insurgents. This point lies on Subig Bay, and naval experts claim it is the most advantageous site for a naval station in the Philippines. It was permanently occupied by marines in December, 1899. The army and navy co-operating cleared the shore line between Manila and Cavite of insurgents, whose fire had greatly annoyed our men-of-war. One hundred and eighteen marines, on October 3, 1899, served under Brigadier-General Grant in an assault upon the town of Imus, south of Manila. Three hundred and fifty-six marines, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. Elliott, succeeded on October 8, 1899, in capturing Novaleta, which the Spaniards had considered almost impregnable. Vigan, Luzon, was captured on November 26 by the Oregon, Callao, and Samar. Captain B. H. McCalla, commanding the Newark, received in December, 1899, the surrender of the provinces of Cagayan and Isabela, northern Luzon, and turned them over to the army. Five hundred and twenty-two persons, ten of whom were Americans, held prisoners by the insurgents, were rescued by an expedition under Lieutenant J. H. Gibbons, fitted out from the Brooklyn. The gunboat Vicksburg, Commander E. B. Barry, participated in the expedition that effected the capture of Aguinaldo, and Brigadier-General Frederick Funston officially reported upon the invaluable aid thus rendered.

These were some of the successes of the navy. There were also disasters. To prevent the massacre or capture and harsh treatment of the Spanish garrison at Baler, a town lying on a river of the same name emptying into the Pacific Ocean, Admiral Dewey, in the spring of 1899, instructed the gunboat Yorktown to effect its rescue. Upon arrival at the mouth of the river, Captain C. S. Sperry, commanding, ordered Lieutenant James C. Gillmore, one of his subordinates, to take a boat with a crew of fourteen men and make soundings while another officer engaged in a reconnaissance. Instead of limiting his investigation to the mouth of the stream, as intended, Gillmore directed his men to pull within the entrance. He fell into an ambush. His boat, riddled by shot, was sunk and he and those of his crew who were alive were taken prisoners. For eight months these Americans remained in the hands of the insurgents, suffering torture and hardships, and they were finally abandoned, without food or clothing, in northern Luzon. They were found and rescued on December 18, 1899, by a detachment of American troops under Colonel L. H. Hare.

Foreign intrigue sowed seed of trouble in Samoa, which produced a harvest of blood. The principal islands of this group are Upolu, upon which Apia, the most important town, is situated; Savaii, a less valuable island, and Tutuila, possessing the magnificent harbor of Pago Pago. Under a treaty entered into in 1889 by Germany, Great Britain, and the United States, Samoa was governed in accordance with native laws and customs, but kept under tripartite control; and the signatory powers were bound to the preservation of order. The United States was further interested by reason of its possession of Pago Pago, Tutuila, which had been granted to it in 1878 as a site for a naval station. Malietoa, recognized as King of Samoa, died in August, 1898, and, after the usual funeral ceremonies, the election of his successor in accordance with Samoan customs occurred as provided by the treaty. The candidates finally narrowed down to two—Malietoa Tanu, son of the deceased king, and Mataafa, a powerful native chief whom the Powers had sent into exile in 1893, but who had been allowed to return five years later to Upolu. In case of dispute the treaty required the Chief Justice to decide who should occupy the throne. Mr. William Lea Chambers, an American citizen, was serving at the time as Chief Justice. Recalling that Mataafa had been excluded from the kingship by the declaration of Prince Bismarck with the acquiescence of the other Powers in 1889, Chief Justice Chambers declared him ineligible and awarded the throne to Malietoa Tanu. The Mataafan faction at once resorted to force and drove Malietoa Tanu and his followers to seek protection under the guns of a British man-of-war lying in the harbor. With the exception of German agents, charged with fomenting the rebellion, the personnel of the tripartite government sought refuge on the British ship.

Rear-Admiral Kautz arrived at Apia on March 6, 1899. He found a critical condition of affairs existing. Either on board the English war-ships or under the protection of their guns were the British and American consuls and Chief Justice, as were also Malietoa Tanu and his adherents. Ashore were three thousand natives, well armed, who obeyed the orders of Mataafa. On March 11 the Admiral issued a proclamation in which he stated that the consuls had agreed that the provisional government established by Mataafa and recognized by them in the preceding January had no existence, and could not therefore continue to be recognized. Mataafa and his chiefs were ordered to disperse and obey the provisions of the treaty.

The Mataafans started to obey Rear-Admiral Kautz's order, when the German Consul proclaimed that the American officer had made a misstatement.



THE UNITED STATES CRUISER ALBANY IN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA

Enlarged from a copyrighted photograph taken by Enrique Muller at a distance of three miles.

It was his purpose, he announced, to continue recognition of the provisional government. Following the circulation of the German proclamation the Mataafan forces, on March 13, began an invasion of Apia at various points. On March 14 the British Consul advised the senior British naval officer in the harbor that the rebels had entered and surrounded the Apia municipality and that practically only the beach was free. Many foreigners had sought refuge there, abandoning their property. In the hope of deterring the hostiles, detachments of American and British marines and bluejackets were landed and marched through the streets of Apia. A guard under the command of First Lieutenant C. M. Perkins, United States Marine Corps, was sent to protect the American consulate; a guard of British marines was landed to defend the British consulate, and a force under Lieutenant F. H. Brown, United States Navy, was ordered to a point known as Mulinuu to prevent injury to a number of unarmed adherents of Malietoa Tanu.

Strategically, the positions taken by the United States and British detachments were decidedly weak. Surrounding the consulates was a thick jungle, which shut them from support from the ships, though within range of the latter's guns. When Rear-Admiral Kautz delivered an ultimatum to Mataafa requiring evacuation of Apia by one o'clock of March 15, an attack was made upon the consulates, but was repulsed. Before the time-limit of the ultimatum expired a force of hostile natives embarked in their canoes and moved toward Mulinuu. To save the American and British detachments at that point from annihilation the Philadelphia opened fire and compelled the retreat of the assailants.

Learning that a camp of Mataafans had been established at Vailele, a short distance from Apia, an expedition was organized to break it up. Commanding the American contingent of sixty officers and men, including twenty marines and a Colt gun, was Lieutenant P. V. Lansdale, executive officer of the Philadelphia. Ensign J. R. Monaghan, Lieutenant C. M. Perkins, United States Marine Corps, and Passed Assistant Surgeon G. A. Lung were the American officers serving under Lieutenant Lansdale. The British were represented by sixty-two officers, seamen, and marines, under Lieutenant A. H. Freeman, of the Royal Navy. Between one hundred and one hundred and fifty friendly natives, undisciplined and indifferently armed, accompanied the foreign detachments. The expedition advanced in skirmish order along the beach beyond Vailele. It did not come in contact with the enemy, and, after destroying a village in which were stored ammunition and other supplies, it began the return march. Lieutenant Freeman and Lansdale decided to leave the beach road and proceed to Apia by a road a short distance inland. While cautiously proceeding, some natives were seen in front, hurrying toward the left of the column. The Colt gun was turned upon them, but failed to function. The gun was overhauled and tested, and the column resumed its march. It had not gone more than two miles when, in a place favorable for ambush, it was attacked. The friendly natives became greatly excited, and their fire endangered the Americans and British. Lieutenant Lansdale attempted to operate the Colt gun, but again it jammed, and he was compelled to abandon it. In an unfavorable position and under fire of a superior force, it was necessary to retreat to the beach.

Lieutenant Lansdale and two American sailors and Lieutenant Freeman and two British sailors were killed. Five American and two British sailors were wounded. When the survivors reached the shore, they passed under the fire of a British gunboat and were safe.

Shortly after this engagement a commission was appointed by the United States, Germany, and Great Britain to investigate the Samoan situation. As the result of negotiations by these powers, Tutuila and several smaller islands were, in the division then made, transferred to the United States. Pago Pago is regarded as the best harbor in the South Pacific, and is in an excellent strategic position for naval operations in that section of the world. Peace and contentment have blessed those of the possessions there under our sovereignty, which has been administered by naval officers.

President McKinley and his Cabinet early appreciated the gravity of the situation in China in the summer of 1900 and the effect that disturbances would have upon Americans and their interests. There were in China in 1899 more than two thousand American citizens. Our trade with the empire, in which the Pacific slope was keenly interested, was valued at almost $32,000,000, and Great Britain and Japan were the only nations which there had larger commerce. Insurrection in the Philippines therefore required the presence of a considerable naval force for patrol duty and co-operation with the army, as well as for independent expeditionary movements. At the same time unrest in China early in 1900 made prudent the stationing of a number of ships in her waters. For commander-in-chief the Department selected Rear-Admiral George C. Remey, who had displayed remarkably good executive ability and judgment while in command of the naval base at Key West during the Spanish war, and as second in command Rear-Admiral Louis Kempff. Before the arrival of these officers in the East the gunboat Wheeling was sent on April 2 to Takū. Conditions improved in the course of the next few weeks, and the Wheeling was withdrawn. The improvement was but temporary. Operations of the Boxers extended almost to the gates of Peking, and they even conducted their propaganda within the walls of the capital. Rear-Admiral Kempff hoisted his flag on the Newark on April 24, 1900, and one month later he was ordered to Taku. The Newark arrived at Taku on May 27, and found there the ships of other nations. On the following day Minister Conger, representing the United States, and other envoys, believing that the Boxer movement had developed into open rebellion, telegraphed to Rear-Admiral Kempff to send a guard. Marines of the Newark, commanded by Captain Newt T. Hall, were added to Captain Myers's detachment, which was landed with a company of bluejackets, a three-inch field gun, and a Colt automatic gun. The entire force was placed under Captain B. H. McCalla, the commander of the Newark, who had done good work at Guantanamo and other Cuban points during the struggle with Spain. The Americans were, at this crisis, the first foreign troops to enter the foreign settlement at Tientsin, reinforcing an English detachment which had been stationed there during the winter. The bluejackets and the field gun, under Lieutenant Daniel W. Wurtsbaugh, were left at Tientsin, and Captain McCalla, with his aide, Naval Cadet C. E. Courtney, Paymaster H. E. Jewett, the marines, the Colt gun, and three bluejackets, pushed on to Peking. The train conveying them also carried English, French, German, Japanese, Austrian, and Italian marines and sailors. As at Tientsin, the Americans were the first to reach the gates of Peking. Having consulted with Minister Conger and seen his men properly encamped, Captain McCalla, with Paymaster Jewett and Cadet Courtney, returned to Tientsin. They arrived on the last train which came through from the capital.

The situation daily became more critical, and on June 4 Minister Conger asked Secretary Hay that instructions be given to Rear-Admiral Kempff to concert with other officers commanding naval forces at Taku to take measures, warranted by the situation, eventually to deliver Peking. Rear-Admiral Kempff was at once authorized by the Secretary of the Navy to take all measures that were practicable and discreet to protect the Legation and American interests generally. By his direction Captain McCalla, with forty-seven men and three officers, landed from the Newark and proceeded to Tientsin. This force was subsequently swelled to one hundred and twelve officers and men. The avowed helplessness of the Imperial Government and the insulting and threatening attitude of Chinese soldiers caused Minister Conger to wire to Rear-Admiral Kempff on June 9 that railroad communication ought to be opened. In the light of Minister Conger's messages, and the known seriousness of the situation, Captain McCalla informed the consular and naval representatives on June 9 that it was inadvisable to remain inactive, and he proposed to start for Peking even if the troops of other nations remained behind. This announcement was effective. An agreement was reached that Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, commander-in-chief of the British Asiatic fleet, Captain McCalla, the Japanese captain, and the senior Austrian and Italian officers should start for the capital on June 10. German, French, and Russian detachments, unwilling that their governments should be unrepresented in an expedition of such international importance, joined the column when it arrived at Lofa, a point on the railroad connecting Tientsin and Peking. The column, which operated under the command of Vice-Admiral Seymour, comprised 2,066 officers and men, of whom 915 were British, 450 German, 312 Russian, 158 French, 112 American, 54 Japanese, 40 Italian, and 25 Austrian.

The expedition reached Langfang, forty miles from Peking, on June 13, having met with practically no resistance. Here it was ascertained that the railroad in the rear of the troops had been destroyed and that the imperial forces had joined the Boxers, who attacked the column. The railroad between Langfang and Peking had also been cut. With communications destroyed, lacking supplies of ammunition and food, and encumbered with 264 wounded, the council of senior officers, presided over by Vice-Admiral Seymour, decided on June 19 to abandon the advance on Peking and return to Tientsin.

In the retreat the Americans were given the post of honor—the advance. Resisted at every point by an enemy who received constant reinforcements, the movement was slow. On June 21 occurred an engagement which showed to the allied forces the bravery of American sailors. Intrenched behind the bank, at a sharp turn of the Peiho the Chinese swept with their fire the embanked road along which the foreign troops were marching. "It is suicidal to attempt it," said an English officer to Lieutenant Wurtzbaugh, in charge, under Captain McCalla, of the advance guard. The danger was great, but Lieutenant Wurtzbaugh's orders were imperative. On the double quick the men charged. Bullets sang about their heads, and some, unfortunately, hit the mark. Two Americans were killed and three wounded, among the latter Cadet Taussig. Captain McCalla was hit by a spent ball, which merely bruised the flesh. Early in the morning of June 23 the column captured the imperial arsenal near Hsiku, eight miles from Tientsin. Ammunition and food were found in the arsenal. Surrounded by a large force, it was decided to remain and to send for relief. This arrived on June 25. In the relief column were 100 American marines, under Major L. W. T. Waller. Major Waller, with 140 men detached from the marine battalion at Cavite, had arrived at Taku on June 18, and on June 19 had landed and started for Tientsin, communication with which had also been cut off and which was in a state of siege. After severe fighting Major Waller, in company with the forces of other nations, reached Tientsin and relieved the foreign concessions. Immediately after the arrival of reinforcements at Hsiku, Vice-Admiral Seymour returned with the entire party to Tientsin.

While Captain McCalla and his men were giving evidence of resource and courage under fire, Rear-Admiral Kempff was displaying good judgment and conservatism in connection with the international aspect of the situation. To maintain communication between Taku and Tientsin, Rear-Admiral Bruce, left by Vice Admiral Seymour in command of the British naval force afloat, proposed to the foreign commanders that they take possession of the Taku forts, then held by Chinese imperial forces. Rear-Admiral Kempff properly declined to participate, on the ground that his Government was not at war with China and that he was instructed to protect only American interests, especially against the Boxer insurgents. He was commended by the Department for his wise conduct. Capture of the Taku forts by the other Powers occurred on June 17, after a bombardment in which the vessels of the United States took no part.

The wall of silence raised about Peking, the lack of information concerning Vice-Admiral Seymour's column, the siege of the foreign settlements in Tientsin, and the unrest which pervaded the entire empire aroused the greatest excitement and anxiety throughout the West. Few believed in those trying days that the Ministers were alive. Even in the Cabinet of President McKinley and at large the feeling prevailed that they had been exterminated. The Secretary of the Navy alone held to the opposite opinion. He based his view on the absence of any evidence of their death and on the unwillingness, even as a matter of self-interest, of a government of the civilization of China to permit the murder of diplomats accredited to it, who, by virtue of their position, were guests of the nation. Despatch by Europe of reinforcement of ships and troops to China, while in part necessary for the protection of foreign interests, was dictated in large measure by the desire of each to guard its own particular interests from the others. In view of the critical condition of affairs, Secretary Hay deemed it advisable to enunciate the policy of the United States, in the hope of obtaining the adherence of other nations thereto. His note, dated July 3, 1900, sent to the other Powers, with the approval of the President and his Cabinet, was the most important diplomatic move in the entire Chinese imbroglio. While stating the purpose of the United States to be the relief and protection of American interests, it reiterated the principles of Chinese territorial and administrative entity, protection of treaty rights in the empire, and preservation of the "open door."

More marines and ships and troops from the Philippines were sent to Taku, and on July 14 the native city of Tientsin was captured from the Boxers after a brilliant attack in which the Ninth Regiment of Infantry and 22 officers and 326 enlisted men of the Marine Corps participated. Following the death of Colonel E. H. Liscum, of the army, commanding the Ninth Infantry, Colonel R. L. Meade, of the marines, assumed command of the American contingent. In this battle the navy lost one officer and five men killed and four officers and fourteen men wounded. Further reinforcements arriving, another international expedition for the relief of Peking was organized. Disheartened by the defeat at Tientsin, the Boxers made feeble resistance, and the allied force entered Peking on August 14.

Relief of the Legations was accomplished none too soon. From June 19, when Baron von Ketteler, the German Minister, was killed, until July 14, when Tientsin fell, they were subjected to systematic and fierce assault. From the latter date they suffered only occasional attacks, and on August 13, the eve of the arrival of the international expedition, a final and determined movement was made against them, which was fortunately repulsed. The United States Legation lay directly under and was commanded from the wall surrounding the Tartar city. On this wall the Americans intrenched themselves. They held it in spite of repeated assaults by forces immeasurably superior in numbers and armament. On two occasions they were driven back and once compelled to abandon the Legation, but, reinforced, they threw themselves upon the enemy and retook the position. What Minister Conger regarded as the bravest and most successful event of the whole siege was an attack made upon a strongly defended Chinese barricade which threatened the station of the Americans. Fifty-five Americans, Russians, and British participated in this charge, and Captain Myers, who led them, was wounded. The defense of the Legations is one of the most heroic deeds of history, and the American people were gratified that their representatives conducted themselves with such gallantry as to earn the praise of all with whom they fought and to whom they gave protection.

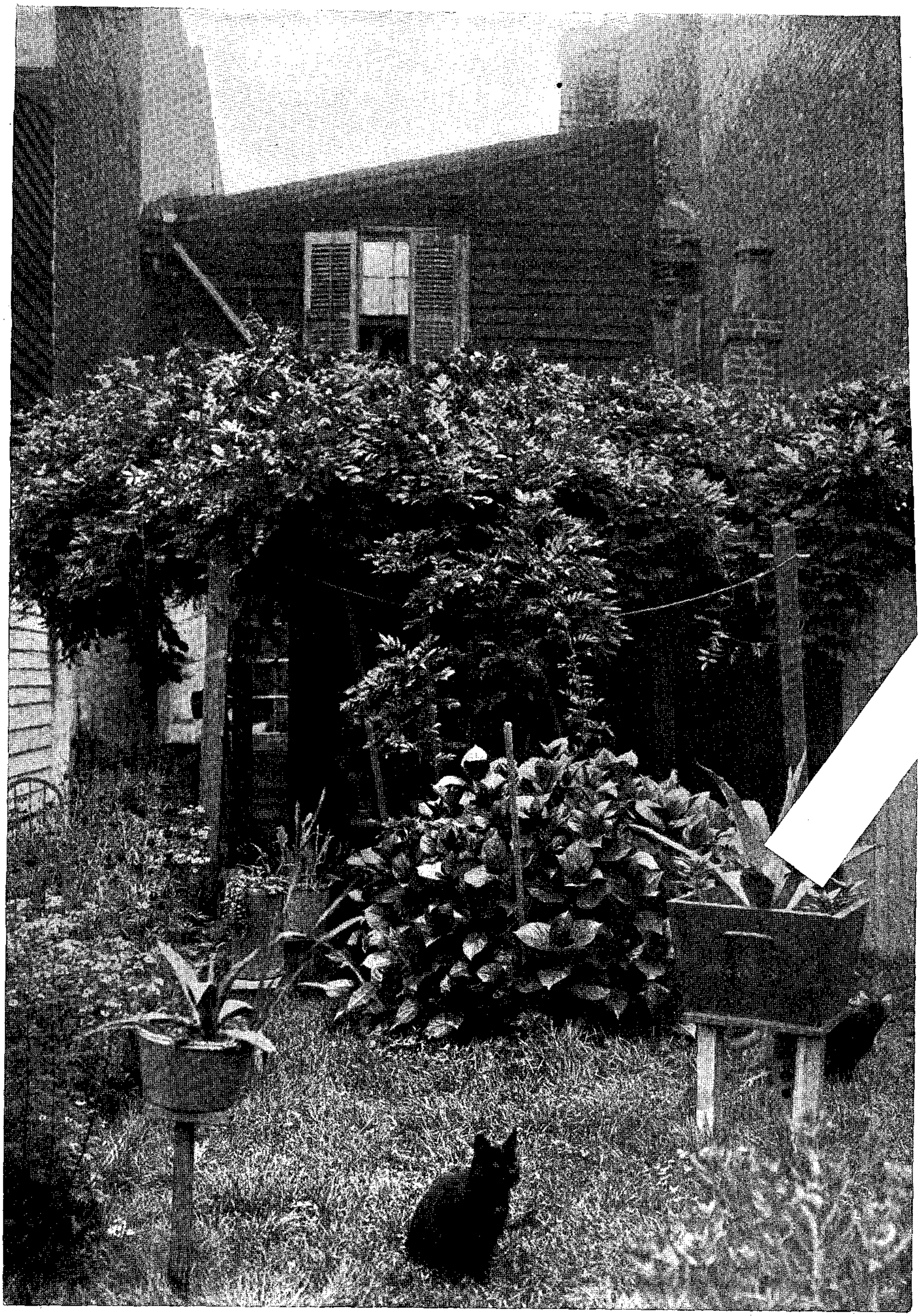
The navy's work was not confined to the north of China. Ships were ordered to touch at various southern ports to impress the natives and to reassure American and foreign citizens. The effect of the presence of so many men-of-war flying the flag of the United

States was also great in an international way, and it is not giving too much credit to the navy to say that its work and readiness for duty had much to do with the prestige which the United States has had in its recent diplomatic relations.

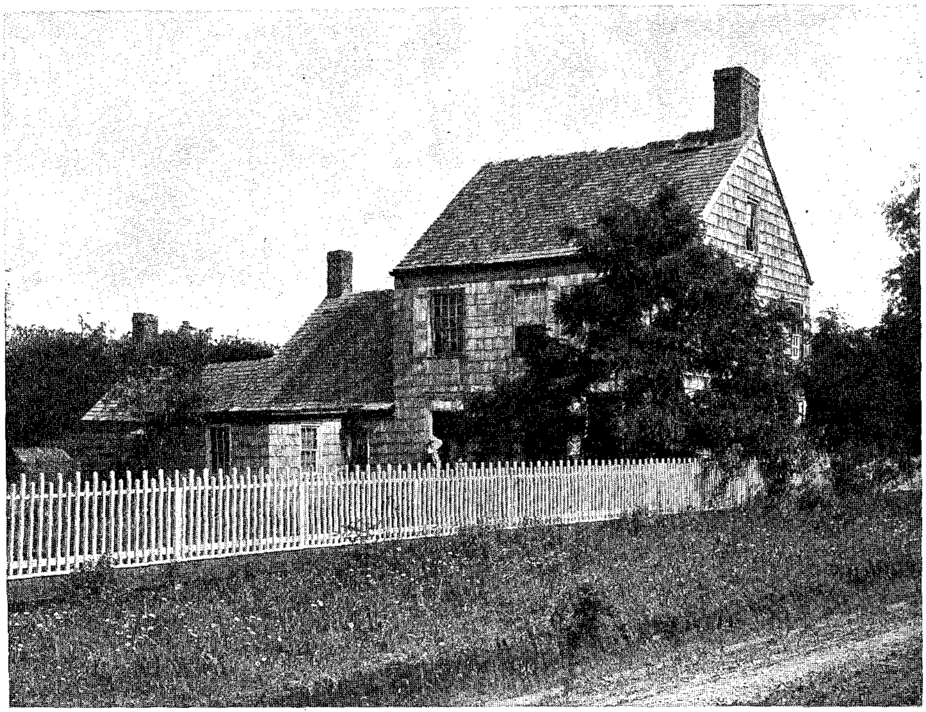
While the credit for the admirable work since the war in conferring on the Philippines the benefits of good government is due to the War Department under the intelligent and inspiring direction of Secretary Root, the navy was in at the beginning. There has rarely been anything more creditable than the result. While there have been incidents to regret, the progress has been so rapid and so beneficent that it is an added honor to our country. Under the elevating and consummate administration of the American Commission, of which Governor Taft, so deservedly esteemed, is chairman, and of the seven other members of which three are native Filipinos, the forecast of President McKinley has been assured. Civil government by civilians has been established almost from the first, the personal liberties we ourselves enjoy have been guaranteed and had, officials have been elected by the people, natives have been put in executive and judicial station (the Chief Justice and an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court being natives), a good revenue system has been adopted, the currency organized, tariffs adapted to insular interests, commerce stimulated, millions spent for public improvements, good roads made, sanitary precautions assured, free public schools opened with American and thousands of native teachers, a civil service system applied, the question of religious and other land-holdings intelligently considered, and peace and order secured throughout substantially the whole insular area. We have done better in the Philippines than our own fathers did here, who not only "subdued the savage," but dispossessed and exterminated him. We have given the Filipinos a government of laws and not of men, as some mistaken good persons among us would have had us do by leaving them in chaos. We have secured them individually the same personal rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness which we ourselves enjoy. We have made the individual Filipino personally more independent than if his islands, then unequal in their disorganization to the task of a republican form of government by their own dissociated peoples, had been left to what would have been only a nominal independence and to really the local and unstable government of the various and changing forces and factions among them which might be strongest for the time being. In fact, we have done more to make the Philippines free and to insure their ultimate self-governing independence than immediate independence so called or an entangling and trouble-breeding protectorate would have given them. The question of immediate material profit to ourselves may be an open one, but there is no question of the beneficence of our action to them.

In Cuba the story of our generous and upbuilding intervention—the noblest chapter in international helpfulness—is familiar as a household word. Here, too, since the war, the War Department under the same wise administration is pre-eminent.

In Porto Rico, however, the credit for the institution of the American system with its inestimable benefits belongs to the navy. Little time intervened between the close of the war and the establishment there of civil government, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Charles H. Allen, having been appointed the first Governor by President McKinley, to whom all these insular emancipations are now a historic monument. Without a hitch and with such marvelous success that the very absence of friction and incident has prevented the attraction of public attention to the splendid merit of the work, Governor Allen transformed that island in fourteen months into a condition of good government, of popular legislative control, of industrial development, of free schools, of improved roads, and of public and personal freedom, which, when at the end of that period he left it, found its parallel only in the States of our own Union.



THE GARDEN OF WALT WHITMAN'S HOUSE IN CAMDEN, N. J.



WALT WHITMAN'S BIRTHPLACE IN HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND

American Life in Whitman's Poetry

By Hamilton W. Mabie

Illustrated with Photographs by Henry Hoyt Moore

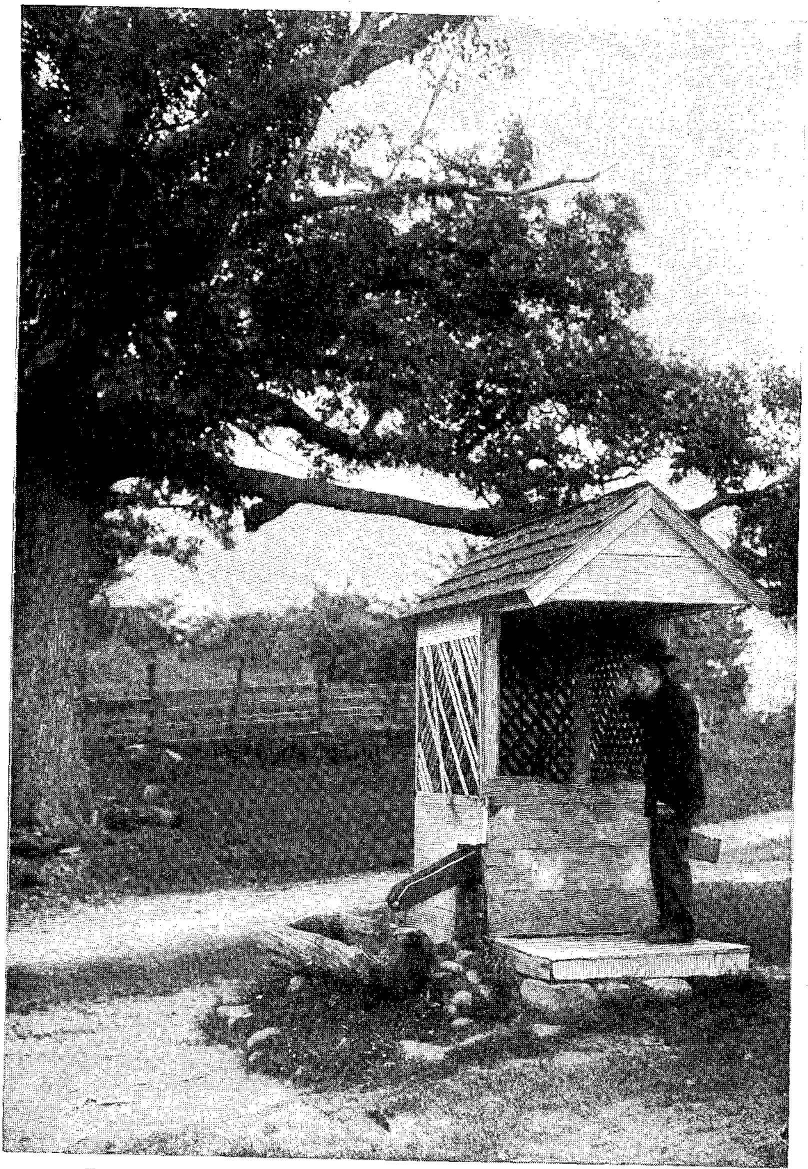
AT the funeral of William Cullen Bryant the most conspicuous figure was Walt Whitman. Far apart as the two men were in education, association, ideas, and methods of art, there was one striking resemblance between them: they were both elemental poets, dealing with a few fundamental things. Bryant's range was narrow, but the vastness of nature in the New World came into view for the first time in his verse; and what he lacked in breadth was supplied, in part at least, by his altitude of thought. In Whitman's verse, on the other hand, the sense of space is pervasive; it is all out-of-doors; from every point the horizons are visible. One misses the heights of spiritual vision, the power and joy in moral achievement; but one feels the presence, in an original and powerful way, of the most inclusive human sympathy, the most sincere human fellowship.

In the same year Whitman spoke on Lincoln to a small audience in a New York theater, made up largely of men and women interested in literature. The poet was then in his sixtieth year, but looked much older: a large, impressive figure, lacking muscular force and conveying no impression of physical strength, but massive, benignant, with a certain dignity of bulk and carriage. A drab suit, carelessly worn but admirably harmonized with the head and frame, suggested that the poet had not wholly lost the self-consciousness with which he began his career as the founder of a new school of song. His face was large, kindly, and warmly tinted; his head nobly set off by flowing white hair; his bearing toward his audience free, cordial, and unaffected. He read his prose as he wrote it, with frequent parentheses, pauses, asides, excursions into neighboring subjects; but his manner had flavor, individuality, native quality. At the close he recited "O Captain! My Captain!" with such simplicity and depth of feeling that his audience felt that they were hearing the noblest man of the heroic age celebrated by its most rugged and powerful bard.

The appearance of Whitman, the shape of his head, the detachment of his life, the dithyrambic quality of his verse and its irregular and uncertain flow, the richness of his lyrical impulse and the uncertainty of his judgment, the broad, elemental conception of life and art which he held—all these things suggest the bard, the rhapsodical singer of a simple society and an objective age, rather than the many-sided interpreter in song of the rich complexity of modern life. A primitive person Whitman was in many ways; and he shared with the skalds, bards, and prophets of earlier and less sophisticated races much of their affluence and spontaneity of expression, their rejection of the subtleties and refinements of art; but he was in more respects the most modern of poets. In his conception of society, of the place and dignity of the individual, of the worth and beauty of the body and all its functions, in his use of forms of poetic expression, in his hearty acceptance of science, he marks the extreme reaction against the classical, the mediæval, the aristocratic, the æsthetic ideals of the past.

In his rejection of the accepted verse-forms he imagined himself creating a new poetic language vitally adapted to the expression of a new poetic thought; while, as a matter of fact, he was reviving and remodeling some of the oldest verse-forms. No man, however radical in instinct and intention, ever really breaks away from his race and creates new things out of hand. The race is far greater in its collective genius and experience than any individual member, and the most original man must be content to give some ancient divination a clearer statement, to touch some old experience with fresh feeling, to open a vista, to set the feet of men again on a path which their fathers once trod, but which they left for some other and more inviting road. Whitman revives, in his underlying thought, one of the oldest Oriental conceptions of the order and significance of life; in his verse-forms he restores and gives contemporary currency to ancient methods of versification. These elements in his work, which were loudly acclaimed as novel, are of a hoary antiquity; what is new and significant in him is his resolute acceptance of the democratic order in all its logical sequences, his instinctive and sane feeling that if great poetry is to be written on this continent it must find its themes, not in the interests of the few, but in the occupation and experience of the many; above all, he brought to his work a vital, searching, pictorial imagination of great compass and power of illumination.

There is much that is repellent in his work; much that is coarse, gross, offensively and pedantically lacking in reticence, in regard for the sanctities of the body and of the relations between men and women, which the ascetic and the sensualist have alike misunderstood and misinterpreted. There is much in his egotism, his aggressive and ill-timed assertion of himself; there has been much, too, in the ill-advised and unintelligent advocacy of some of his devotees, that have combined to keep sane readers at a distance. These advocates have too often taken the attitude towards other American poets that some missionaries have taken towards the gods of the countries in which they have taught a new faith; they have sent them all to perdition together. Students of literary history are too familiar with mutations of taste to be affected by the claims of exclusive originality in any poet. They are not disturbed about the security of Shakespeare and Milton, and they are at ease about the survival of Emerson and Poe. They are ready to accept the new, but they do not intend to reject the old; for the old that survives is always new. They have seen the irruptions of the barbarians before, and have heard the crash of the falling gods; and they have lived to see the



THE OLD WELL OF WHITMAN'S BOYHOOD, AT HUNTINGTON

destroyers not only replacing the gods, but striving with pathetic eagerness to recall the vanished skill which long ago imparted the touch of divinity. The new artist succeeds by the new illustration of that creative power which bears in every age immortal fruit. If Whitman is to be accepted as a poetic force of high authority, it will not be by dethroning his predecessors, but by establishing his right to reign with them.

The real contribution made by Whitman to American literature is the marvelously vivid picture of a democratic society in its workaday aspects, its primal and basal instincts, emotions, occupations. In a very real, though not in an exclusive or ultimate, sense he is the poet of democracy; that, as Professor Dowden and other discerning critics beyond the sea saw when his work first came into their hands, is his fundamental significance, his original quality. In his case, therefore, the background of his poetry is one of its formative elements; it furnished the material with which he worked.

That man is fortunately born the conditions of whose early life put him and keep him in intimate and vital relation with the kind of experience, the social habits and circumstances, with which he is later to deal with original insight and power. Whitman was born in a place that gave easy access to open fields, to the sea, and to great cities, and in a condition that brought him into contact with working America. He and Lanier are the only American poets of high rank who have been born out of New England; and there is in them both a quality of imagination which no other American poets possess. In neither was there that balance between inspiration and achievement, that equality of insight with expression, which the greatest singers possess, but both disclosed an affluent and plastic imagination of a new order in this country. Two men could hardly have been further apart in education, ideal, character; but they are the two great figures in the opening of the National period which followed the close of the war, and a century hence, when American literature shall have struck deep into the almost unexplored depths of American life, their significance will be very great.

Whitman was born at West Hills, Huntington, Long Island, on May 31, 1819. Dutch and English blood was in his veins, and he was the child of working people, farmers, mechanics; men and women who used their hands as well as their brains. On the father's side there was a strain of sluggishness in the blood, but with latent impetuosity and vehemence of feeling and action on occasion. The Quaker tradition had ceased to affect the dress and speech of the family, but it bore its fruit in a fundamental faith in individual guidance and in a free but reverential attitude toward religion.

The elder Whitman had been a carpenter, but during his residence in West Hills was a builder of excellent reputation for skill and thoroughness. The poet's mother was a large, quiet, strong woman, with little education, but of a deep nature; "benignant, calm, practical, spiritual" are the adjectives with which her son described her. The house in which Walt Whitman was born, which is still standing, was already a century old at his birth, and the farm had been in possession of the family for three generations—a period long enough, as these things are reckoned in England, to make a "county family."

"The Whitmans, at the beginning of the present century," writes Mr. Burroughs, "lived in a long, story-and-a-half farm-house, hugely timbered, which is still standing. A great smoke-canopied kitchen, with vast hearth and chimney, formed one end of the house. The existence of slavery in New York at that time, and the possession by the family of some twelve or fifteen slaves, house and field servants, gave things quite a patriarchal look. The very young darkies could be seen, a swarm of them, toward sundown, in this kitchen, squatted in a circle on the floor, eating their supper of Indian pudding and milk. In the house, and in food and furniture, all was rude but substantial. No carpets or stoves were known, and no coffee and tea, and sugar only for the women. Rousing wood fires gave both warmth and light on winter nights. Pork, poultry, beef, and all the ordinary vegetables and grains were plentiful. Cider was the men's common drink, and used at meals. The clothes were mainly homespun. Journeys were made by both men and women on horseback. Both sexes labored with their own hands—the men on the farm, the women in the house and around it. Books were scarce. The annual copy of the almanac was a treat, and was pored over through the long winter evenings. I must not forget to mention that both these families were near enough to the sea to behold it from the high places, and to hear in still hours the roar of the surf; the latter, after a storm, giving a peculiar sound at night. Then all hands, male and female, went down frequently on beach and bathing parties, and the men on practical expeditions for cutting salt hay, and for clamming and fishing."

A county family in the English sense the Whitmans were not; but they had stayed long enough in one place, and been long enough engaged in work, to have taken root in the soil and to disclose the influence of long-continued tasks on a succession of workers. The Whitmans were large, plain, simple people, who possessed the elemental things of life and cared for little else; they showed no marked intellectual aptitudes; no passion for education appeared in any generation; they were industrious, capable working people, curiously devoid, it would seem, of the American ambition to "get on" in life.

As a boy at West Hills, and later in Brooklyn, Walt Whitman showed the out-of-doors habit that was characteristic of the family, and spent many profitable days not only in exploring the western end of Long Island from the Sound to the ocean, but in letting the atmosphere of the woods and fields envelop and color his imagination. He was then, as later, a loiterer; a habit of mind and body that made him not only tolerant of "loafers," but disposed to regard "loafing" as a dignified occupation. The trouble with most "loafing" is that it is unaccompanied with an invitation to invite the soul, to recall Whitman's phrase—to be at ease in the world and share its growth while the body is quiescent.

There was some attendance on the public schools, but at thirteen the future poet went into a lawyer's office; then turned his attention to medicine; became a printer; taught country schools; wrote for the country newspapers; established a journal of his own; spent the years from 1840 to 1845 in New York as a compositor in printing-offices, spending his summers in the country and working on the farm; writing essays and tales. In 1842 he published "Franklin Evans; or, The Inebriate: A Tale of the Times," dedicated to the Temperance Societies. This story has, fortunately, disappeared; its chief characteristics, according to the report of two of the poet's biographers, were "its flamboyant phrase" and "its puritan odor of sanctity." Whitman's later work did not entirely escape the first of these qualities; of the second not a trace remained. This stage of his life closed with two years of editorial work on the Brooklyn "Eagle." In 1848, in his thirtieth year, he made a long journey through the Middle, Southern, and Western States, ending with a visit of some length in New Orleans, where he became intensely interested in the picturesque and significant aspects of Southern life.

AT COLD SPRING HARBOR

Whitman's relatives on his mother's side lived here, and his first glimpse of the sea was from this point.

He returned to Brooklyn and to journalism, and finally engaged for a time in building and selling houses in that city. In 1855 "Leaves of Grass" appeared, and his life entered on an entirely different stage.

The years at West Hills, in Brooklyn and New York, and the time given to travel, constitute the educational period in Whitman's life; and while he was entirely familiar with some great formative books and deeply influenced by them, he was trained for his work out-of-doors. Few men have known so many kinds of people and been so much at home with men simply as men. Whitman had a passion for humanity, without reference to character, education, occupation, condition. The streets, ferryboats, tops of stages, loafing-places, were dear to him because they gave him a chance to see men and women in the whole range of the conditions and accidents of life.

He drew no lines and made no distinctions; the saint and the sinner, the nun and the prostitute, the hero and the criminal, were alike to him in their fundamental appeal to his interest. He went to the churches, the great reform meetings, the best theaters; and he went also to hospitals, poorhouses, prisons. He had friends among cultivated people, but he loved the native qualities of humanity, and was most at home with working people—pilots, masons, teamsters, deck-hands, mechanics of all sorts; men who toil, as his ancestors had toiled, with the hands. He went wherever people were to be found, and spent a great deal of time in the streets and at popular resorts of every kind. "He made himself familiar with all kinds of employments," writes Dr. Bucke, "not by reading trade reports and statistics, but by watching and stopping hours with the workmen (often his intimate friends) at their work. He visited the foundries, shops, rolling-mills, slaughter-houses, woolen and cotton factories, ship-yards, wharves, and the big carriage and cabinet shops—went to clam-bakes, races, auctions, weddings, sailing and bathing parties, christenings, and all kinds of merrymakings. He knew every New York omnibus-driver, and found them both good comrades and capital materials for study. Indeed, he tells us that the influence of these rough, good-hearted fellows (like the Broadway stage-driver in 'To Think of Time') undoubtedly entered into the gestation of 'Leaves of Grass.' No scene of natural beauty, no 'apple-tree blows of white and pink in the orchard,' no lilac-bush 'with every leaf a miracle,' no 'gorgeous, indolent, sinking sun, burning, expanding the air,' no 'hurrying-tumbling waves,' no 'healthy uplands, with herby-perfumed breezes,' give him greater inspiration than the thronged streets of New York, with the 'interminable eyes,' with the life of the theater, bar-room, huge hotel, the saloon of the steamer, the crowded excursion, 'Manhattan crowds, with their turbulent musical chorus,' the rushing torrent, the never-ceasing roar, of modern human life." He was no stranger, however, in libraries and museums, and his walks afield were long and fruitful. With his knapsack, a bit of luncheon, a copy of Shakespeare or Homer, he spent long solitary days on the seashore, often reciting aloud like the older bards whose lineal descendant he was. He was sensitive to music, and the opera gave him unqualified delight. He described the once famous contralto Alboni as "the blooming mother, sister of loftiest Gods." He knew Wagner's music only by report, but that he divined something of its significance is evident from his remark: "I know from the way you fellows talk of it that the music of Wagner is the music of the 'Leaves.'"

So far Whitman had seen life chiefly and by choice in its fundamental occupations, its simplest aspects; he was now to see it on the tragic side, and to be profoundly touched and influenced by it. In the second year of the Civil War he went to Washington and became a volunteer nurse in the army hospitals, supporting himself by writing letters to the New York "Times." At the close of the war he became a clerk in the Interior Department, a position from which he was unwisely removed because of certain passages in the "Leaves of Grass." Later he obtained a place in the Treasury Department, which he retained until 1873, when he was partially disabled by a slight stroke of paralysis. In the spring of that year he removed to Camden, N. J., where he had a modest home and saw many friends. His means were very limited, but they were supplemented by the devotion of his friends. His health was much impaired, but his cheerfulness was unclouded. There, on the 26th of March, 1892, he died, and lies buried in a Camden cemetery.

Against the background of childhood, youth, and the years of active and of reflective life, sketched in the simplest lines, Whitman stands out with great distinctness and in striking contrast with his peers among American men of letters. With one exception, they were university-bred men, born into the gentlest and best social traditions, within the influence of the ripest intellectual influences, in touch with the finest expressions of the human spirit in its long historic unfolding. Whitman's heritage was of a different kind; the influences which touched him immediately and most influentially issued out of contemporaneous life; he knew a few books well, and they were among the greatest—the Bible, Homer in translation, Shakespeare, Don Quixote; he read Hegel, Tennyson, Emerson, Carlyle, and other typical modern writers; but he found his material and his inspiration in the America which he saw with his eyes, touched with his hand, and divined with his heart—the America of active life, of colossal energy, of native manliness, of free, unconventional, friendly living. This America of the farm, the workshop, the railroad, the prairie, the mining camp, the rushing, tumultuous play of elemental forces, he saw with a clearness of vision that no other poet has possessed, and described with a freshness and boldness of phrase that are incontrovertible evidence of real poetic power. This physical and social America is the background of his poetry; and in making it his background Whitman struck his one original note and made his one contribution to our literature.

LANE NEAR THE WHITMAN HOMESTEAD
AT HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND

An English critic has recently said of William Morris that, passionate as was his reaction against the ugliness of contemporary life and his determination to bring the beautiful back to its old place and function, his inability to turn a personal conviction into an overwhelming movement was evidenced by his failure to give common, modern, useful things beautiful forms. He could give a chest or chair or table the exquisite symmetry or the massive lines that they had in their best estate, but he did not give us artistic lamp-posts and letter-boxes. Whitman did precisely this; he took the roughest material, close at hand, and not only divined its poetic significance, but resolutely set himself the task of making others recognize it. He was, fortunately, so accustomed to uncouthness, roughness, crudity, that these early conditions of all vital things did not repel him; on the contrary, they appealed to his imagination. He had grown up with them and made friends with them in those sensitive hours when the imagination forms its intimacies; and the great, rough, crude life of the new continent opened its heart to him. Other poets had divined what was in the American spirit and had heard notes that escaped him, but Whitman was the first poet to get into his verse the continental volume of American life, its vast flow through the channels of a thousand occupations, its passionate practice of equality, its resolute assertion of the sanctity of the individual, its insistence on the supreme value of the instinctive as against the acquired traits and qualities.

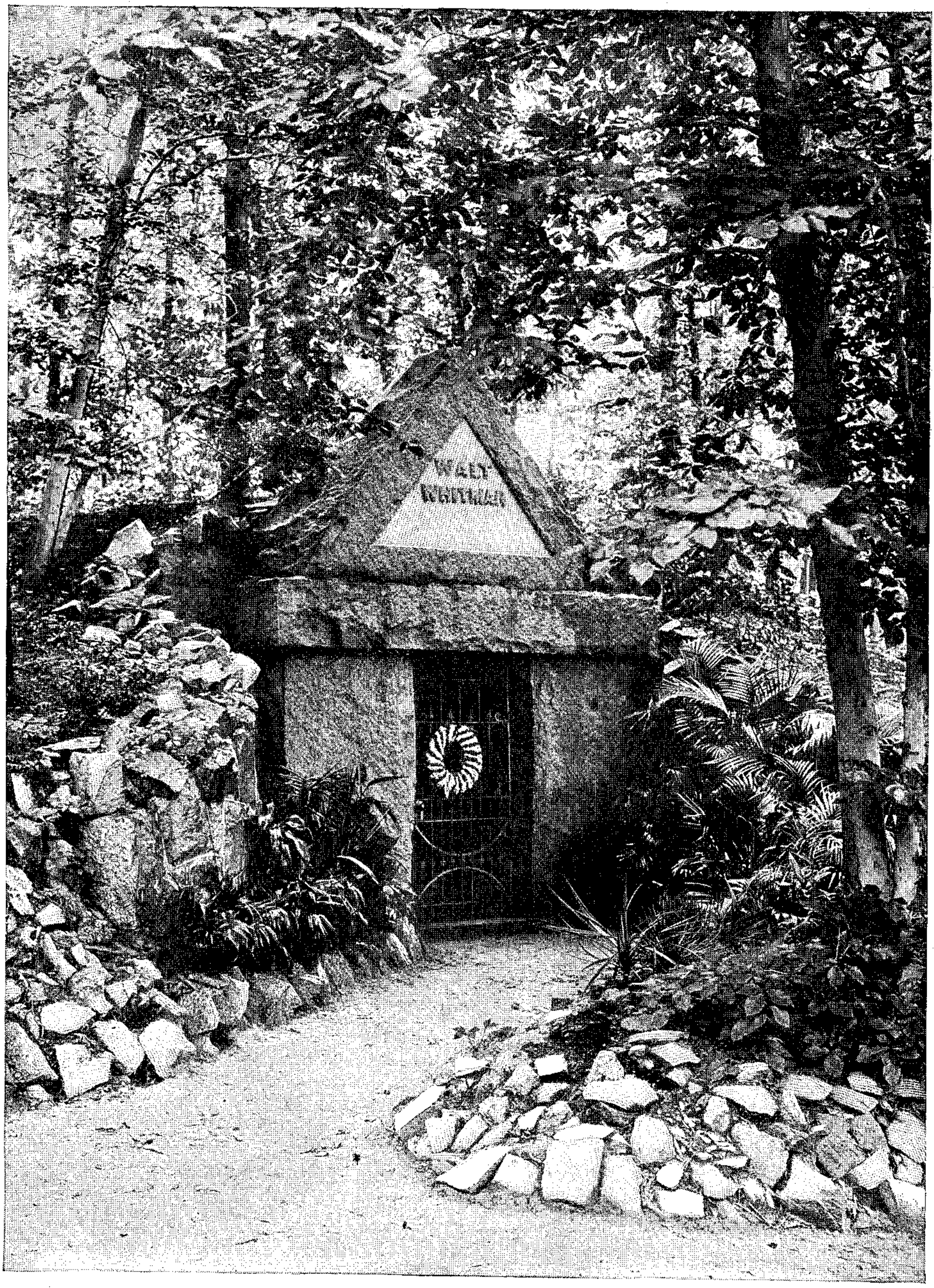
That Whitman lost perspective and blurred the scale of values by breaking even partially with the long line of those who, in the days before him, had seen life at first hand is clear enough; but it may have been necessary for some poet to take democracy in its most elementary form, without shading or qualification, to clear the way for the greater poet who will some day speak out of a knowledge as searching, a sympathy as profound, but with a clearer discernment of spiritual degrees and orders. Whitman did what no other poet had done; he accepted not only the democratic ideal, but the life organized under it, without qualification, and with a deep joy in the new disclosure of the human spirit, the fresh evocation of human energy, which it effected. Here and now, he declared, the American poet must claim his hour and his material; in the meanest and the worst the soul of goodness survives, in the roughest and crudest the soul of beauty hides itself. Some of that goodness he evoked, some of that beauty he made manifest. His attitude is expressed in lines which are prosaic in form but which reveal his point of view and suggest the sources of his inspiration:

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe and strong;
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off work,
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the deck-hand singing on the steamboat deck,
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing as he stands,
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at work, or of the girl sewing or washing,
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young fellows, robust, friendly,
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

Emerson expressed the American spirit with singular clarity and beauty of phrase; Whitman expressed the volume and range of American life; the greater poet who is to come will compass both spirit and body. He will honor man as man, labor as labor, the common use because it is common, as Whitman honored these things; he will exalt the basal elements; but he will not rest in these primary stages of growth; he will not set the man in his undeveloped strength in antagonism with the man in his trained and ordered maturity.

The blunder which many Whitman devotees have made is an old and familiar one; they have set the crude man in antagonism to the developed man; they have decried refinement, delicacy, sensitiveness, as signs of weakness and exalted the elementary forms of power as the only kinds of power. The cowboy and the miner are picturesque figures, but the force they represent is not a whit more normal and is far less highly organized than that of countless intrepid, accomplished men who are carrying the burdens of society and doing its work in all departments without publicity or craving for applause.

Whitman was a pathfinder, and his joy in the great new world of human experience that he explored no one would take from him. It will be seen some day that there was a true prophetic strain in him, and that he marked the beginning, not of a new kind of literature, but of a new and National stage of literary development in this country. In his verse the sections disappear and the



WHITMAN'S GRAVE IN HARLEIGH CEMETERY, CAMDEN

Nation comes into view, the provinces fade and the continent defines itself. It is man at work over a continent that stirs him; he celebrates few persons; Lincoln alone seems to have moved him profoundly; even when he celebrates himself it is as a kind of incarnation and embodiment of human qualities and experiences. In this attitude he was instinctively expressing his conception of Democracy as a vast brotherhood, in which all men are on an equality, irrespective of individual traits and qualities.

There is nothing finer in Whitman

than his passion for comradeship; in his idealization of the fellowship between man and man he not only sounds some great, sincere notes, but he struck out some great lines in the heat of a feeling which seems always to have had quick access to his imagination. To this all-embracing affection, so deeply rooted in his conception of the democratic order, he devotes a large group of poems under the title "Calamus." These friends of the spirit are not chosen by any principle of taste; they are chiefly "powerful uneducated persons:"

I am enamour'd of growing out-doors,
Of men that live among cattle or taste of the ocean or woods,
Of the builders and steerers of ships and the wielders of axes and mauls, and the drivers of horses,
I can eat and sleep with them week in and week out.

It cannot be said with justice that Whitman erases all moral distinctions and rejects entirely the scale of spiritual values; but it is quite certain that he blurs them, and reduces his world to unity by putting aside resolutely the principle of selection. His underlying religious conception of life is essentially Oriental, and dates back to the time before the idea of personality had been clearly grasped. This principle Whitman does not consistently apply, for he lays tremendous emphasis on "powerful uneducated persons;" but in a certain sense it is wrought into his presentation of the democratic society. In that presentation individuals sink into the vast community whose naked energy, power, vigor, and habit the poet loves to paint. Neither in life nor in art, in the material which he uses nor in the form in which he casts it, does he employ that skill in selection which is one of the prime gifts of the artist. Whitman shows, as a consequence, no power of self-criticism; no ability to distinguish the good from the bad in his work, to separate poetry from prose. He has left a few pieces of unique quality of imagination and harmony embedded in a great mass of unorganized poetic material. In reading him one feels as if he were going through a vast atelier crowded with blocks of unhewn marble and huge piles of débris, with here and there a statue of noble and even majestic proportions. Whitman is easily travestied, but no one has ever done this impious thing half so well as he did himself in some of his most pretentious pieces. His devotees would render him the truest service if they would stop chanting his praise and thoroughly and critically edit his works.

Whitman's great gift is his imagination, which is deep, fervent, pictorial, penetrating; an imagination, in force, volume, and power of flooding a great theme, quite beyond anything in our literature. In the New England poets generally the thinking faculty is more powerful than the faculty which makes images; this is the limitation of our earlier poets. There is too much intellect, which analyzes, separates, and defines, and too little imagination, which fuses, combines, and personifies. At his best, Whitman's imagination has a tidal movement and depth. When "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" is read, with that intelligence of feeling which keeps the thought and tune in unison and makes them mutually interpretative, the sensitive listener is aware of a power which lies deeper than that put forth by any other American poet, and which has an elemental energy and sweep; as if nature had conspired with the poet and given his song a touch of her mystery and the ultimate music of those secret processes which build, out of sight, the beauty of the world. In such poems as "The Mystic Trumpeter," the "Passage to India," "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd," "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," "O Captain, My Captain," Whitman establishes himself, not only among the first of our poets, but, in respect of imaginative power, the first of the goodly company. This free and noble use of the creative faculty, at once unconventional and obedient to the law of art, is revealed in such lines as these:

Here are our thoughts, voyager's thoughts,
Here not the land, firm land, alone appears, may then by them be said,
The sky o'erarches here, we feel the undulating deck beneath our feet,
We feel the long pulsation, ebb and flow of endless motion,

The tones of unseen mystery, the vague and vast suggestions of the briny world, the liquid-flowing syllables,
The perfume, the faint creaking of the cordage, the melancholy rhythm,
The boundless vista and the horizon far and dim are all here,
And this is ocean's poem.

Whitman, like Wordsworth, took himself at all times as one inspired; but with him, as with the author of the Ecclesiastical Sonnets, there were long periods of uninspired dullness. And there is no conformity so monotonous as that of the nonconformist. Whitman's irregular dithyrambic verse is immensely impressive when the full tide of his imagination floods it, but when that tide is out it becomes machinery of the most ponderous kind. Much has been said about this verse as something new in the world; as a matter of fact, it belongs to very ancient poetry. That diminishes not a whit the greatness of Whitman's achievement, but it keeps us to the fact, which is quite essential in any adequate judgment of a man's work. Much has been said also about this verse as belonging to nature rather than to art; as if art were something other than the best and most natural way of doing a thing. And so sound a critic as Mr. Burroughs has spoken, in this connection, of Tennyson and Browning as "literary poets;" implying, apparently, that Whitman was of a different kind. Now, in so far as Whitman was a poet he was a literary poet; when he is at his best his verse conforms to certain laws of art as truly as the verse of the great poets who went before him. When he ceases to be literary in this sense, he ceases to be interesting. Nature and art are never antagonistic; they are supplementary. Whitman did not react against art, but against artifice, which is a very different matter.

No one has defined more impressively than Whitman the quality in writing which gives it that life that is always synonymous with the highest art:

"The art of art, the glory of expression and the sunshine of the light of letters is simplicity. Nothing is better than simplicity . . . nothing can make up for excess or for the lack of definiteness. To carry on the heave of impulse and pierce intellectual depths and give all subjects their articulations are powers neither common nor very uncommon. But to speak in literature with the perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movements of animals and the unimpeachableness of the sentiment of trees in the woods and grass by the roadside is the flawless triumph of art. If you have looked on him who has achieved it you have looked on one of the masters of the artists of all nations and times."

Nothing could be more just and penetrating than this definition of the quality of a great writer; by this definition Whitman's work must be tried; applying this test to that work, it appears that some of it will survive and much of it will be cast aside.

In his exaltation of the body Whitman's thought is less gross than his speech; and at his worst his coarse frankness is more wholesome than the subtle and less offensive but far more corrupt treatment of such themes by some of the contemporary writers of the decadent school. Compared with the exquisitely artistic corruption which D'Annunzio analyzes and depicts with such searching insight, Whitman's nudity of image and phrase is health itself. The objection to Whitman's handling of these delicate and profoundly significant relations is not that it is unclean, but that it is inartistic. It is not immoral in the sense that it is corrupt, but it is immoral because it violates that instinct of reticence which protects these relations by keeping fresh the sentiment which invests them with the poetry of the creative process. This poetry Whitman ruthlessly destroys by denuding the whole mysterious relation of its mystery. In nothing does he more clearly reveal the curious artistic blindness which sometimes made him the most Philistine of poets than in this lack of sensitiveness to the delicacy, the spiritual suggestiveness, the deep and essential privacy of relations which belong to the most intimate life and which become brutal the moment they become public.

The lack of fineness in Whitman, the insensibility to the appeal of the spiritual qualities of character, the absence of the note of distinction, are very obvious when one studies his work in its relation to women; there is nowhere any touch of the spiritual chivalry which nearly all the great poets have shared; no suggestion of the power of beautiful portraiture with which Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe, for instance, have enriched the world with the images of Andromeda, Beatrice, Rosalind, Margaret. The "dream of fair women" seems never to have come to Whitman; if it had, he could not possibly have treated the most intimate relation between men and women as if it were a public function. There was a whole world of poetry from which, by the limitation of his nature, this powerful man was excluded. And this is the more singular because his was not a purely masculine genius; there was a large infusion of the feminine in it. It is not so much sheer force and energy that impress one in Whitman as a certain diffused softness of feeling, a brooding affection, a seeking after and celebration of brotherliness, comradeship; most notably, in his striking and original treatment of death the element of tenderness is delicately and beautifully expressed.

So many and so various are the qualities which Whitman reveals, so diverse are the moods with which one reads him, that the very difficulty of reaching a final judgment regarding his genius and rank becomes an evidence of something unusual and commanding in the man. It is high time, surely, to see him as he is; to escape the blindness of those who have never been able to find anything but the "barbaric yawp" in him, and the idolatry of those who think that he has abolished the laws of art. He was great in mass and magnitude rather than in altitude and quality; he had the richest endowment of imagination that has yet been bestowed on any American poet, but his power of organizing it into noble and beautiful forms was far below the wealth of his material; he had an ear for the fundamental rhythms, but he often disregarded or violated his musical sense. He entered into the broad, elemental life of the country and caught its sweep of interest and occupation with fresh and original power, disclosing at times a passion of imagination which closely approaches great poetry and predicts the great poetry which will some day be written on this continent. Here Whitman is at his best and stands out as, in a very real sense, the distinctively American poet—the devout lover of democracy and its most ardent and eloquent singer. But even here there are limitations to be observed; for Whitman speaks for a plane of society, not for its entirety; he cares for and understands the elemental and basal types; he does not comprehend nor recognize the sharing of the great human qualities on a basis of equality by the more highly developed types. And democracy, it must be remembered, does not mean the average man only; it means *all* men.

Whitman has a fundamentally religious view of life which makes him brother with all men and in sympathy with all experience; but he has no affinity with the higher and holier attainments of character; he fails to recognize the immense chasm which yawns between the saint and the deliberate and persistent sinner, which may be bridged hereafter, but which is, now and here, a tremendous fact. He is, at his best, master of a fresh, suggestive, deeply impressive phrase, which brings with it something of the immediate and convincing cogency and charm of nature; at his worst he is ponderous, prosaic, and eminently uninspired. When his inspiration ebbs, he stereotypes himself. He has written a little group of poems which are more distinctive and original than any others that have come from an American hand; he has written a vast mass of irregular verse which has no possible relation to poetry, and which ought, as a matter of justice to his genius and memory, to be separated from his real work and put into that storage-room to which most of the great writers have made unwilling contributions. After this has been done there will remain a small body of verse that is likely to last as long as anything in American poetry.

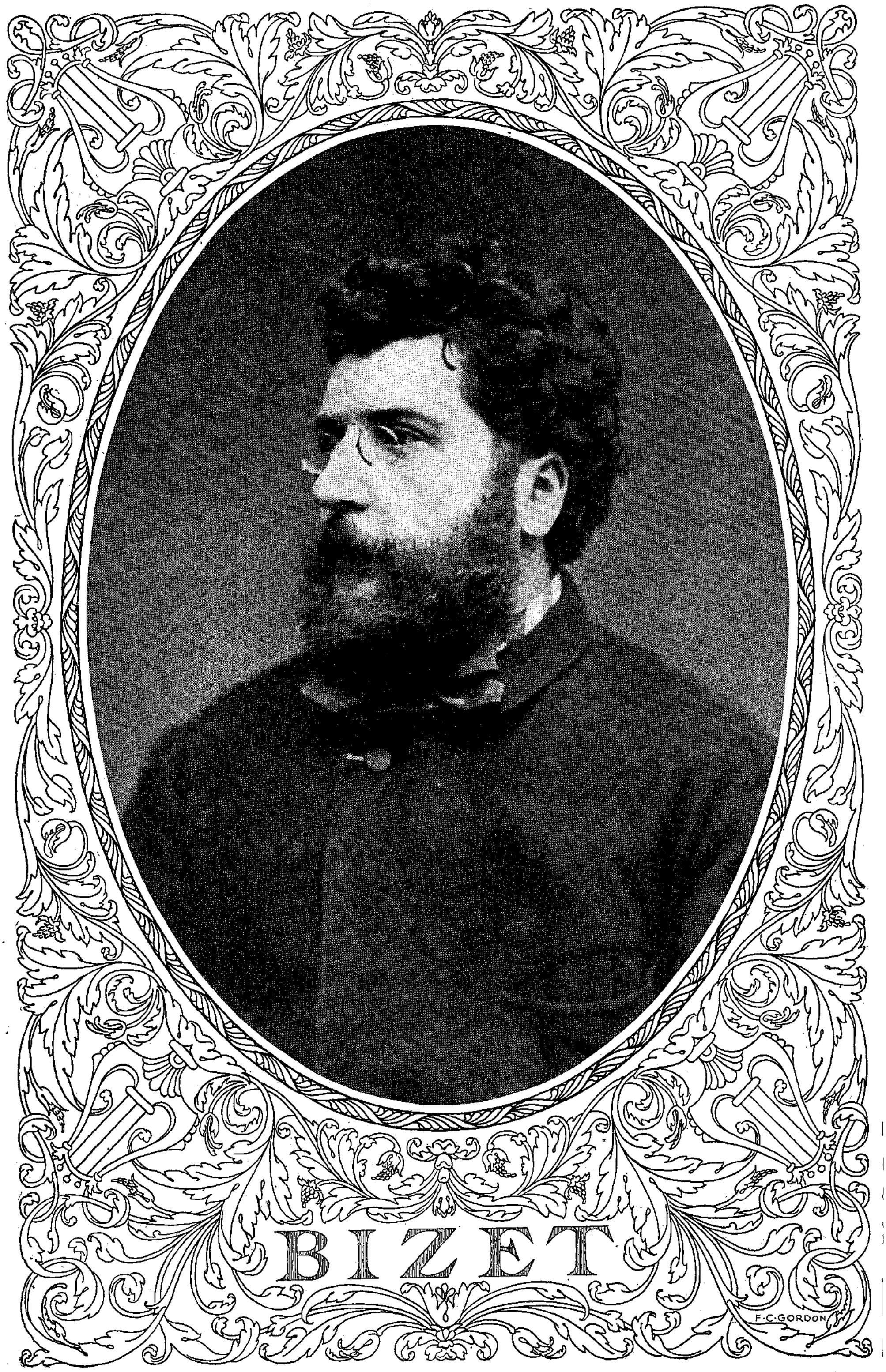
Georges Bizet

By Daniel Gregory Mason

"CARMEN" is an opera that every one loves. Musicians and laymen alike rejoice in its wonderful vitality, its inexhaustible freshness and vigor; and although, with the exception of "l'Arlesienne," it is the only entirely satisfactory work that Bizet accomplished before his early death, it is enough to secure his lasting fame. Yet probably few of the thousands who have reveled in "Carmen" have ever realized its full value and importance as a work of art. Its very clearness and simplicity make it transparent to our gaze, and we enjoy it too much to stop to think about it. It is the bungling workman who calls our attention to himself; the master works with the cleanness and self-concealment of nature. When, however, we examine "Carmen" more closely, we gradually recognize in it an extraordinary artistic feat. We see that its vitality is not accidental, that its effects are the result of foresight and skill, and that its atmosphere of beauty, so pervasive and so transfiguring, is the creation of musical genius. In a word, Bizet performed in "Carmen" almost a miracle; he wrote an opera which was thoroughly dramatic and well adapted to the stage, and yet every page of which is music.

In order to understand what a feat that was, and why it almost merits being called a miracle, we must disabuse our minds of a confusion of thought almost as common as it is misleading. A great many people think of "opera" and "music" as the same thing. If you ask them to name a few great musical masterpieces, they are quite as apt to mention "The Barber of Seville," "Don Giovanni," and "Faust," as Bach's Fugues or Beethoven's Symphonies or Haydn's String Quartets. If you ask them if they care for music, they are apt to answer whether they attend the opera or not. By "a musician" they generally mean, not a composer, nor even a violinist, a pianist, or a conductor, but a singer. Now all this is natural enough when we consider how much more widespread among men is the interest in the life of the emotions to which opera appeals than is the sensitiveness to tone-combinations on which rests the love of music. It is natural and right that music should number a smaller band of devotees than opera, just as it is natural and right that there should be fewer people who care for the beauty of a picture, depending on its color, light and shade, and composition, than there are who care for the story of human life that it suggests. But it is not right, it is very mischievous and unfortunate, that people should not see any difference between these two kinds of artistic appeal. It is a stupid error to confuse the plastic beauty of a picture or a statue with its descriptive or narrative quality, and it is an equally stupid error to confuse music with opera.

The confusion, of course, is easily enough explained. Both music and opera employ tones to produce an effect; and from a perception of that similarity it is but a step, though an unjustifiable one, to the assertion that they are one and the same art. In reality they are quite unlike, both in their aims and in their methods. What are ends in one are but means in the other; what are virtues in one are in the other vices. To attempt a definition, we may say that opera is a very complex art, which aims to represent life, and which uses various devices to this end—actors, scenery, costume, language, and musical effects. Music, on the other hand, is a very simple and pure art; it aims, not to represent anything, but to present to the ear and mind combinations of tones which are beautiful in themselves, and which express no definite ideas, but only those general moods and feelings which their beauty generates in our minds. The aims, then, of music and opera differ in that the first subordinates expression to beauty, and the second, beauty to expression. Their methods differ in that music begins and ends with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tones and their combination, while opera uses tones merely to intensify impressions made by other means, or to idealize the whole effect of a scene by throwing over it the transfiguration of musical beauty.

Now, although the differences thus suggested are perhaps in the last analysis not differences in kind so much as in degree of emphasis on the various elements of effect (since opera is hardly ever entirely devoid of musical beauty, any more than music is ever entirely devoid of specific expression), yet it is an interesting fact that there is a sort of natural antagonism between these two forms of art which so many people fail even to discriminate. Their requirements are not only different, but to a certain extent mutually exclusive. If you wish to write good music, you must avoid the operatic quality; if you wish to write good opera, you will have to sacrifice music somewhat to dramatic effect.

It would be interesting to make a philosophical study of this antagonism and of the æsthetic laws on which it rests, but for the present we must be content to point out merely one or two of the more obvious differences between opera and music. A fundamental difference, for example, is that all forms of dramatic art, and of course opera among them, aim to throw into prominence the individual, the special element of effect, whether it be scene, event, or character. Sharp contrast between the figure and its background, the relief of single persons, emphasis on certain moments, aspects, individuals, is the doctrine and practice of the drama. There are climaxes, situations, heroes and heroines; all is individualized. The *prima donna*, of course, is the *reductio ad absurdum* of this principle as it works in opera. Everything is subordinated to her, and she herself subordinates everything to her high notes and her passionate moments.

With music all is the other way. The aim is not individualization, but co-operation; not personal prominence, but universal congruity. Music, seeking not momentary effects, but a well-rounded totality of impression, compels all details to work harmoniously together. If it permits any special feature to arrest the attention, it is so far bad, just as a man with too prominent a nose, no matter how classic its shape, is on the whole ugly. Adaptation, proportion, order, these are the constant study of music and of other arts which at all resemble it, such as sculpture, architecture, decorative painting. The vocal solo is the lowest form of music, because in it equity between the parts cannot be maintained; the vocal quartet is better, the chorus better still; orchestral and instrumental music best of all, because here the personal element is at the minimum. And in any music, however produced, the single tone of melody, the single rhythmic phrase, the single chord of harmony, is nothing. Melody begins only when tones fall into relations, rhythm when phrases balance one another, harmony when chords are grouped together about common tonal centers. The noblest music is that which offers the least violence to our attention. We rightly resent insistent details in an art the aim of which is to build up many factors of effect into a beautiful organism. Just as the highest moral ideals of individuals are those which imply and serve the social order, the highest quality of these factors of effect is their relative rightness and beauty.

The opera, consequently, is obliged to serve constantly a dramatic god which, from the musical standpoint, is Mammon.

Another fundamental difference in the aims of opera and music may be defined as follows: Opera, which, in common with all forms of drama, represents life, must reflect truthfully the constant flux and changefulness of life; it must progress and change, it must be full of action. Music, on the other hand, the object of which is not to represent life, but to present a clear and highly articulated kind of organic beauty, must maintain its clearness and organic quality by constant repetition, just as verse must rhyme or scan, and the masses in a picture must balance. Stated so abstractly the point sounds difficult; but take an example. The so-called three-part song-form, one of the oldest and most valuable forms in music, exemplifies the principle of repetition very happily. It consists of a strain of melody which we may call A, a contrasting strain, B, introduced for variety's sake, and the strain A repeated, to round out the whole and give the mind the sense of orderliness and completion. Familiar instances of it are such tunes as "The Suwanee River" and "Over the Sea to Skye." Now, as a matter of fact, this very form, embodied in the aria, was constantly used by the early opera-writers. But the scheme, well as it fulfills those musical requirements of contrast and reassertion which are needed to give the sense of organic form, runs quite counter to the dramatic necessity of constant change. A-B-A is admirably symmetrical, but it is not progressive. Composers came to feel this, and those whose dramatic instinct was stronger than their musical sense worked in the direction of a more progressive type, which we might roughly suggest by A-B-C. Meanwhile there was reaction on the part of the more musical spirits, who felt that the principles essential to music were neglected by a formula which excluded repetition and the sense of order it gives. The matter was fought out for centuries, and the dramatic side, represented by a series of revolutionary geniuses, from Monteverdi and Gluck to Wagner and Verdi, eventually won.

The modern opera consequently rests on principles of structure diametrically opposed to the parallel principles of self-dependent or absolute music.

Enough, however, of these general questions of æsthetic principle. They have been broached here only in order to give the reader a sense of that peculiar combination of talents which existed in Georges Bizet. He was a man who to an almost unparalleled degree combined the dramatic instinct of all Frenchmen with the faculty for pure music which is rare in his race; and his masterpiece, therefore, is an opera which is not only intensely dramatic on the stage, but thoroughly delightful as music. In examining the circumstances of his life we shall gain further light on the causes of this unusual combination of traits.

Alexandre-César-Léopold Bizet, known to the world as Georges Bizet, was born in Paris, October 25, 1838. His father was a singing-teacher, and his mother, an excellent pianist, taught him music at the age of four. He learned much also by listening to his father's lessons outside the door, and when he became his pupil surprised him by singing off correctly, entirely by memory, many of the exercises. At nine, when he was admitted to the Conservatory, his sense of pitch relations and intervals was so thoroughly developed that he could name all chords that were played to him, even those in remote keys. When he was eighteen he took the second "prix de Rome" with a cantata; a year later he took the first with an operetta, and his cantata was performed with great success before the Académie des Beaux-arts. Three years' study at Rome completed his apprenticeship, and in 1862, full of hope and enthusiasm, he returned to Paris a fully equipped musician.

From Rome he had written his parents a hopeful letter, wishing that they might never want for "silver, that terrible metal to which we are all in subjection," and proposing to himself to establish the family fortunes by making two successes at the Opéra Comique. "A hundred thousand francs," he had exclaimed, "it is nothing!" When he was actually back in Paris, however, with a full mind and empty pockets, he had the first taste of those bitter struggles which led him later to call music "a splendid art, but a sad trade." Few composers have had to labor and delve for the mere necessities of life as did Bizet. It is no exaggeration to say that all his best work was done in the intervals of endless drudgery, in time stolen from the most distressing hack-work, and with energy always too heavily taxed and finally exhausted when he was but thirty-six. "Burning with desire to write for the operatic stage," says Mr. Philip Hale, "he gave music lessons. Dreaming of dramatic situations and grand finales, he made pianoforte arrangements of airs written by others." There are two phrases which constantly recur in Bizet's letters—"il faut monter" and "il faut vivre;" and the latter is if anything the more frequent.

It would be a mistake, however, to

suppose that there were no circumstances in his favor. Dramatic music was generously supported in France at this time; as it happened, a patron of art endowed the Théâtre-Lyrique with a fund to be devoted to producing the operas of promising young composers, just at the time when Bizet was awaiting an opportunity; and the result of this happy coincidence was his first opera of any importance, "The Pearl-Fishers," which was performed the 29th of September, 1863, but made no lasting success. Meanwhile he was receiving some slight encouragement also in the field of absolute music. Though the French have never cultivated the higher branches of the art with anything like the devotion of the Germans, the foundation of the popular concerts in the Cirque d'Hiver, in 1861, did much to educate Parisian taste. Bizet was one of the first of the young native composers to profit by these concerts. The Scherzo of a symphony he had written while in Rome was performed at the concert of January 11, 1863, and some time later a complete symphony, with choirs, entitled "Vasco da Gama," was also produced. Neither met with marked success, however. The subscribers threatened to withdraw their patronage if "new-fangled" modern works were given instead of the old suites and operatic airs to which they were accustomed.

But Bizet was discouraged neither by the indifference of the public nor by the overwhelming labors into which ambition and poverty conspired to plunge him. In 1866 we find him working on a symphony, "Souvenirs de Rome," and on an opera, "The Fair Maid of Perth," meanwhile supporting himself by scoring waltzes for amateurs. "You may imagine," he writes to a friend, "that it is maddening to interrupt my cherished work for two days to write cornet solos. One must live! . . . I have had my revenge. I have made the orchestra supernaturally vulgar. The cornet shrieks like a band in a public-house, the ophicleide and the bass-drum mark the beat agreeably, with the bass trombone and the violoncellos and contrabasses, while the second and third beats are assailed by the horns, the violas, the second violins, the two first trombones, and the drum—yes, the drum! If you could only see the viola part! Those are hapless men who pass their lives playing such machines. Horrible! They can think of something else, if they are still able to think of anything. . . . I work enormously. I am making, on the run, six songs for Heugel [a publisher]. My opera, my symphony, all are under way. When shall I finish them? Good heavens, it takes a long time, but how amusing it is!" As the year wore on, his high spirits quailed a little, though he kept sedulously at work. "I am worn with fatigue," he wrote. "I advance, but it is high time; I can't do much more." He complained of not sleeping and of working fifteen and sixteen hours a day. "I have lessons to give, proofs to correct," he said. "One must live." By the end of the year the opera was completed. In spite of all his other occupations, he had composed it in six months. "The Fair Maid of Perth" was produced, after innumerable delays, in December, 1867. It was not very successful with the public, but Bizet wrote to a friend, "I have found my path, now I must advance in it. *Il faut monter, monter, toujours monter.*"

In the autumn of this same year, 1867, Bizet tried his hand, for the first and only time in his life, at criticism. The article he wrote in the "Revue Nationale" of August 3, is of especial interest, because it reveals so strikingly the chief qualities of Bizet's nature—his honesty, his frank good nature, his wit, facility, and vigor. In the following sentences, for example, the straightforward sincerity which expressed itself in the firm harmony and frank rhythm of his music utters itself unmistakably: "Nowadays composers are rare, but, in revenge, parties, sects, multiply themselves to infinity. Art is impoverished to the verge of misery, but technology is enriched to abundance. Judge for yourself: we have French music, German music, Italian music, to say nothing of Russian music, Hungarian music, Polish music, and so on, and so on; without counting Arabian music, Japanese music, and the music of Tunis, all very much in favor since the opening of the Universal Exposition. . . . We have the music of the future, the music of the present, and the music of the past; then, too, philosophical and political music, recently discovered. . . . For me, there exist but two kinds of music—the good and the bad."

He continues in a similar vein. "What!" he exclaims, with fine raillery, "a poet, a painter, a musician, consecrates the purest part of his mind and soul to conceiving and executing a work of art. By turns he believes, doubts, grows enthusiastic, grows desperate, plays, suffers. And when, more anxious, more trembling than a criminal, he says to us at last, 'See, and judge,' instead of letting ourselves be moved we demand of him his passport! We investigate his opinions, his relations, his artistic antecedents. But that is not criticism any more, that is police surveillance. The artist has no name, no nationality; he is inspired or he is not; he has genius, talent, or he has them not; if he has them, he must be adopted, loved, proclaimed; if he has them not, he must be respected, pitied, and forgotten! You name Rossini, Auber, Gounod, Wagner, Berlioz, Felicien David, or Pitauchou; what does that amount to? Make me laugh or cry; depict for me love, hate, fanaticism, crime; charm me, dazzle me, transport me, and certainly I shall not do you the stupid injury of classifying you, of labeling you like a beetle."

The cleverness which made Bizet succeed brilliantly and easily in everything he undertook characterized his piano-playing as well as his criticism. His biographer, Charles Pigot,[1] records much testimony on this point. One anecdote is worth retelling. So early as 1861, it seems, when Bizet was only twenty-three and had just returned from Rome, his teacher, Halévy, gave a dinner at which Franz Liszt was one of the guests. After dinner, the great pianist delighted and astonished the company by playing one of his most difficult virtuoso pieces. Every one crowded about him, shaking his hand, exclaiming at his wonderful skill, and commenting on the almost insuperable difficulties he overcame so easily. "Yes," said Liszt, "the piece is difficult, horribly difficult, and I know of only two pianists in Europe who are able to play what I have written here, at the tempo I desire—Hans von Bülow and myself." Halévy turned to his pupil. Vaguely indicating a certain difficult passage, "Do you remember this?" he said. Whereupon Bizet, taking his place at the piano, played the passage so accurately that Liszt, astonished, put the manuscript before him, inviting him to play on. Bizet played the piece from beginning to end with such vigor, brilliancy, and precision that the applause was even warmer than before. Liszt, whose well-known generosity to young artists was one of the finest traits of his character, shook his hand warmly and said, "My young friend, I have said that only two men in Europe could conquer the difficulties with which I have delighted to fill this piece. I was mistaken. We are three; and to be just I must add that the youngest of the three is perhaps the most daring and brilliant."

After finishing "The Fair Maid of Perth," Bizet had to turn his attention to less congenial work. He labored for a long while on Halévy's unfinished opera "Noë," which he was appointed to complete after its composer's death. He arranged "Mignon" and "Hamlet" for the piano, wrote some original piano music, and added to his income by playing over for an operatic manager scores offered for performance, a work at which he was very skillful. He took up again his symphony, "Souvenirs de Rome," which he had been obliged to lay aside in order to finish his opera; and when, after two years' work, he had completed it, it had a single performance in February, 1869. In the summer of the same year Bizet married Geneviève Halévy, the daughter of his former master. He began two operas, "Griselidis" and "Clarissa Harlowe," but finished neither. He did finish "Djamileh," a comic opera of interest chiefly as a stage on the road to "Carmen," and the last work of his years of apprenticeship. It was performed in May, 1872.

With "l'Arlesienne," which was produced only four months after "Djamileh," Bizet left immaturity behind him and wrote as a perfect master of his art. It is a thoroughly fine and characteristic work, in some ways finer even than "Carmen." It reveals all Bizet's rare dramatic power, all his spontaneity and talent in musicianship. Its form, to be sure, was a somewhat tentative and experimental one, at least in France and at the time it appeared. It is a "melodrama," or, technically, a drama with incidental music intended to accompany and illustrate the action. In German music there are many examples of this form; we have, for example, Beethoven's "Egmont," Schubert's "Rosamunde," Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," and Schumann's "Manfred;" but in France the form had not been so much cultivated. When, therefore, Bizet was asked by a Parisian manager to write incidental music for Daudet's drama, he found himself confronted by many difficulties. The standard of taste was low, the public cared little about the musical quality of its entertainments, and the means at hand were limited. Bizet had at his command only twenty-six players, and it took all his ingenuity to make of them an effective orchestra. In the matter of style, moreover, there were many problems the solution of which was hindered rather than helped by the accepted traditions. His skill and good sense proved equal to the emergency, however, and he produced a work of art that was immediately hailed as a masterpiece, and that firmly established his reputation. The two orchestral suites made up of selections from "l'Arlesienne" remain to-day among the best and most popular of concert pieces.

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[1] Pigot's book, which is entitled "Georges Bizet et Son Œuvre," and which has not been translated, is the source of many of the anecdotes given in the present article, and not generally familiar to English readers.

A few days after the first performance of "Djamileh" Bizet wrote to a friend, "I have been asked to write a three-act piece for the Opéra Comique. Meilhac and Halévy write the libretto, after Merimée. It will be gay, but with a gayety that permits of style." This was the first announcement of his finest and last work, "Carmen." From 1873 to 1875 most of his time was devoted to it, although he also produced a charming suite for orchestra, entitled "Jeux d'Enfants," and a concert overture, "Patrie." The success of "l'Arlesienne" had called the public attention to Bizet, and "Carmen" was awaited with much interest. When, however, it at last had its first performance, on March 3, 1875, the stupid public, laboring under what M. Pigot calls an "*aberration passagère*," entirely failed to appreciate it. In spite of the picturesqueness and beauty of Bizet's wonderful score, the audience remained cold. The Prelude to the second act was encored, the Toreador's Song and the Quintet were warmly applauded, but that was all. Bizet, in despair, is said to have walked the streets of Paris until dawn with a sympathetic friend and fellow-musician. The critics were hardly more encouraging than the public. They discussed the new work earnestly, but could reach no agreement of opinions. Some thought it commonplace, and adduced the Toreador's Song; others thought it over-radical and daring, and adduced the unconventionality of the harmonic treatment and the freedom of the modulation; many dismissed it as immoral, not troubling themselves to adduce anything. Only in one item did they all agree: they were unanimous in failing to discover in "Carmen" a work of genius.

Time has amply reversed their verdict; Bizet's opera is to-day one of the most popular in the repertory. But Bizet died before the reaction had set in. For years he had consistently overworked; now, at thirty-six, he found his strength failing. His heart was affected. "It is extraordinary," he wrote, "that I should feel so old." On June 3, 1875, three months after the first performance of "Carmen," he died suddenly of heart-failure.

Mr. Philip Hale has been able in a single paragraph to give a vivid impression of Bizet's personality and character. "When Louis Gallet first met Bizet," he writes, "he saw a forest of blond hair, thick and curly, which surrounded a round and almost childlike face. Bizet's figure was robust. In later years his features were firm and his expression was energetic, tempered by the trust, the frankness, and the goodness that characterized his nature. He was very short-sighted, and he wore eye-glasses constantly. His mouth lent itself as easily to expression of mocking wit as to kindness. His love for his parents has been already mentioned; his devotion toward his wife was such that she told Gounod there was not one moment of the six years of her marriage which she would not gladly live over. He was a welcome companion, fond of jest and paradox, frank and loyal. At the house of Saint-Saëns he played gladly the part of Helen in Offenbach's operetta. He was ever firm, even extravagant, in friendship, as when at Baden-Baden in '62 he challenged a man who spoke lightly of Gounod's 'Queen of Sheba.' When the talk was concerning musicians whom he loved, Bach, Mozart, Rossini, Verdi, Gounod, his voice would lose its peculiar sibilance, and his hot eloquence showed honesty as well as nimble wit and power of expression. In all of the recollections of troops of friends, in his letters to acquaintances and friends, there is not a suggestion of mean action, scheming purpose, low or narrow thought."

Now, it was this directness and sincerity of Bizet's mind, this frank animation and vigor so characteristic of him, combined with the dramatic sense common to his race, that enabled him to perform the feat we began by describing, the feat of writing opera that was at once dramatic and musical. He had the true Gallic instinct for the spectacular, for the picturesque, for motion, action, light and shade, contrast, and climax. And in addition to all this, as we could guess from the keenness of harmonic perception he showed as a child, from his skill in piano-playing and in score-reading, and from his delightfully matter-of-fact and unaffected critical opinions, he was a well-founded and well-trained musician. No itching for dramatic effects, no maudlin sentimentality, no perverse metaphysical theories of art, interfered with his musical utterance. His musical ideas are always definite, succinct, and healthy. His melody is fluent, his harmony unambiguous, his rhythm strong and compelling. " Carmen " is one of the few operas that can be played with pleasure from beginning to end in a piano arrangement; " l'Arlesienne " is one of the few melodramas that one can enjoy without knowing anything about the text it illustrates. This is because Bizet was too solid a musician to neglect the fundamental requirements of his art in favor of the obvious ones, to write merely effective sound instead of good music.

It must not be supposed, on the other hand, that he ignored dramatic effect. His keen intuition of it was one of the unfailing sources of his power. His character-drawing is remarkably sure; witness, for example, the contrast between the fascinating and sinister Carmen and the pure, loyal, girlish Micaela. His vividness of scene-painting is unrivaled, whether he depicts Eastern lands, as in " The Pearl-Fishers " and " Djamileh, " or Spain, in " Carmen." Individual situations in his operas, too, fix themselves in our memories with a grip that proves their power; as, for instance, the scene where Don José listens at once to the seductive castanets and singing of Carmen and to the bugle-call of his regiment which summons him to duty. But these dramatic qualities, it is important to notice, are not gained by Bizet at a sacrifice of musical propriety and beauty. With him, musical and dramatic effects are always complementary, co-operative. And it is for this reason that, as we have said, he is able to perform an artistic feat that has baffled many able composers.

It is hardly necessary to add to these general comments any specific consideration of that foolish but persistent accusation against Bizet—that he was a " ferocious Wagnerian." A more fatuous charge it would be hard to imagine. M. Pigot, referring to this charge, which was made against Bizet on his return from Rome, and repeated at intervals all his life, remarks that it is possible for a composer to have new ideas, to seek above all things dramatic truth, and to try to fit music to the situations it is to interpret, without for that reason being " enrolled under the banner of that audacious innovator, who is certainly a man of genius, but whose nebulous æsthetics are repugnant to our

French spirit, so precise and so clear." That French spirit itself, of which Bizet was a typical representative, is well defined by the same writer, as follows: "Our young French school believes that our theatrical music should be judged and appreciated not only from the point of view of its translation, more or less true, more or less exact, of the scene which it is intended to vivify by its movement, but also in view of its intrinsic value; and that the dramatic composer, although subordinating his music to the requirements of the action, and forcing himself to minimize its conventionality, should never forget that he is a musician, and that music is not merely a means, but also an end."

A judicious, unprejudiced comparison of Bizet with Wagner, far from establishing any artistic affinity between them, serves rather to bring into clear relief, by means of contrast, the individuality of each. The emotionality and vagueness of the German are antipodal to the nervous activity and the transparent clarity of the Frenchman. Like all introspective and mystical temperaments, Wagner is rather indifferent to rhythmical definition, to the dance element in music; he loves to lose himself in a web of eloquent but formless melody. Bizet, on the contrary, with his active temperament and his Gallic intellect, delights above all things in the animation and the accuracy of dance movements. He is, indeed, weak just where Wagner is strong. What are the memorable numbers in "Carmen"? Certainly not the love-songs, the sentimental, contemplative pieces. The lover of Gounod goes away from "Carmen" unsatisfied. It is the dance element that seizes and fascinates us. The Prelude, the Chorus of Street Boys, the Habanera, the Sequidilla, the Toreador's Song—it is these that we go away whistling. "Without form," said Bizet, "there is no style, and without style there is no art." If it be true that rhythm is the essential formulative principle of music, Bizet was a supreme artist.

It would be idle to pretend that all the qualities of this brilliant man were as remarkable as his intellectual acumen and finesse. It is only too easy to pick flaws in him; and what is more, the flaws are so serious that in contemplating them one may almost forget that he is great. His facility, which in many ways was such a help to him, was in other respects a disadvantage. It led him into a certain glibness and metallic polish, and made unnecessary to him that careful and deliberate rumination over his ideas which gives depth and texture to a work of art. Having more ideas than he knew what to do with, he never learned to subject a theme to coherent, logical development, to bring out all that was in it and make it as broad and many-sided as it was graceful and interesting. Consequently his style is somewhat superficial, somewhat glittering and hollow. Mr. J. F. Runciman, who has ably discussed this aspect of Bizet's work, finds him "incapable of writing the greatest kind of music." Doubtless it is true that his mind was not of heroic caliber.

But it is not necessary to be heroic in order to be consummate; one may be an artist without being a philosopher; and he who does a small thing perfectly perhaps merits our admiration as much as he who attempts a bigger thing and less thoroughly achieves it. Bizet's faculties fitted him to write an opera which even Mr. Runciman calls the most brilliant of the century; an opera in which there are living characters, telling situations, and a perfectly created scenic background; and, best of all, an opera in which there is not an ounce more of drama than there is of music.

The Imperturbability of Mikey Finnegan

By Ruth Craft

MIKEY FINNEGAN'S self-accusing misdemeanor took place on a morning that had been very hard for Miss Crampton. Never before had she found the calling of school-teacher so perplexing or so irksome. It seemed as if stupidity had settled upon the children like a pall. More trying was a tone of general sickliness that pervaded the atmosphere. On calling the class in fractions, she had at once detected in two naturally thin boys a conspicuous roundness of cheek; she had sent them home the rejoicing victims of mumps. The singing was constantly interrupted by hoarse coughs, and a red-faced youngster in a front seat, with neck thickly swathed, was faintly suggestive to the fastidious nostril of the salt-pork cure for sore throat. At the third period, the last straw had been imposed, in the form of visitors. The only item in the whole duty of a school-teacher that Miss Crampton failed to exemplify was pure joy at the sight of a guest. In sympathy with the evil genius of the morning, the visitors had happened to hit upon the drawing lesson, during which the teacher's back must be turned as she works on the board. This enforced inhospitality was not the only thing to deplore; left to their natural actions, it was not to be expected that the pupils would expand as fully as under the Froebelian smile. But the absence of her inspiration and surveillance annoyed the visitors much less than it did Miss Crampton, who explained in apologetic undertone that the children could not appear so interesting while gazing at the board as when reciting in a spirited manner. To the visitors their conduct seemed sufficiently spirited. At a sharp rap on Miss Crampton's desk, they squared their shoulders and folded their arms. "Charles Eaton!" she announced, and a colored boy, in a pink sailor blouse with ruffled collar and shoes discarded by grown-up feet but still shaped to their former occupants, shambled nimbly forward He took a box that lay on the desk and rapidly distributed pencils from it without regard to ownership previously established, in moments of meditation, by ruminative chewing. Another sharp rap, and such children as had slumped during the interval of gazing open-mouthed at the visitors squared up again. "Katharine Hooley!" and a freckled Hibernian with shiny blue eyes and hair firmly confined in two tight braids by the aid of a wet brush wriggled out of her seat and walked up with a wide smile of importance. She spread out her fingers at the waist line, their cleanness accentuated by black nails, and received a load of drawing-pads that Miss Crampton extended, continuing to pile up the leaning tower of Pisa until most of Katharine's smile was shielded from view. Then she set forth down one aisle with a rolling gait, doing most of the work with her stomach. Miss Crampton next proceeded to draw upon the board, the children sitting wide-eyed and stiff as idols. But as soon as it became obvious that the lesson was to introduce no new designs, an air of indifference became general. One by one, as Miss Crampton became absorbed in eloquent explanation of her drawings, and consequently less heedful of conduct, the children whom nature had accorded but little artistic instinct turned their attention to more engaging pursuits. A small Jewess in the rear, somewhat hidden by a post, recklessly loosened a prodigious quantity of frowsy hair, which must have cost her mother no little labor and pains to confine for school, and set about rearranging it, using the head just in front as pattern. In the absence of a comb, fingers did duty; the end of a braid she held between her lips while she searched in her desk for a piece of ribbon. A rising American of preternaturally solemn countenance created, by means of his fist, two shoe-buttons, and a handkerchief, the face of an old woman in a white hood. The gleaming of the beady eyes and the toothless mumbling of the mouth, skillfully mimicked by rubbing together two fingers, fascinated the visitors no less than the younger portion of the audience. Meantime the children at large carried on promiscuous communication. Notes folded into wads were thrown, small missiles like chewing-gum or erasers attracted attention to messages noiselessly mouthed, and sign language, as expressive as it was original, aided in the exchange of ideas. For both visitors and pupils the hour had been a rich one. It was only Miss Crampton who felt any misgivings as to its fruits. She had not been unaware of other interests struggling for place with those specified, but she had chalked on patiently, bearing in mind the pedagogic principle of counter-attraction. The situation was, moreover, complicated for her by the fact that only by strictest attention and painstaking effort could any drawing of hers be made to suggest the object named beneath it. She bowed out the visitors with unholy feelings, taking to herself the single consolation that but one period remained of the ill-fated morning.

With heart lightened by the departure of the guests, she summoned a fleet-footed pupil for the indiscriminate distribution of the reading-books. But as the class came forward she was reminded that the hour was not likely to be less turbulent than the preceding ones, for Mikey Finnegan was in the line. Mikey Finnegan was the only lamb in Miss Crampton's flock who had steadfastly resisted all her efforts to tame. Every other could be appealed to somehow, the methods differing with the different shades of fleece, but this little black sheep never had grown a shade lighter under the sun of her influence. Each fresh scheme for securing attention or warding off mischief devised by the ingenuity of his teacher, like all its predecessors, failed with Mikey. "What shall we sing today?" never brought up his hand. "What would you like to read, Michael?" was sure to extract, "I don't care." "Shall we recite that poem that we learned yesterday, by Longfellow?" would produce at most an indifferent nod. "Try to make Susie hear!" was received with a vacant look. "What has Michael to tell us to-day?" "Nawthin'." Mikey never knew what he would have done in the given emergency of any historical hero. "Can I depend on you to lay out the crayon?" met with a resigned "I s'pose so." Nor had punishments any effect. He would saunter from the room with a grin at his companions, or change his seat calmly as if he had meant to all the time. Extra allotments of "sums" he performed quickly and correctly. If he made a mistake, it was in carelessness; no task that Miss Crampton could invent proved too hard for him. To be omitted from a recitation did not disturb him, and he showed no partiality for the head of the class.

Jennie Proctor's mother sent word that Jennie's seat was to be changed because Mikey Finnegan called her names. His desk was the first to be searched for missing pencils and books, though his innocent expression baffled accusation. According to the other children, he was the first to whisper and it was he who made them laugh, but Miss Crampton had yet to catch him in his sins.

Only before moral suasion did his indifference give way; then it was supplanted by a still more trying attitude. As Miss Crampton talked, the short, colorless hair on Mikey's round head would bristle with defiance, and his big blue eyes would stare with unflinching insolence. In a single instance his habitual apathy succumbed under another force; that was when he had a toothache. But he returned from the dentist's with tears dried, and during the visit of one of Miss Crampton's colleagues he threw the tooth across the room at a little girl.

It was humiliating to the teacher in Miss Crampton to have to admit that, though Mikey was her most lawless pupil, she could not lay her finger upon one convicting offense. But chance favored her at last. The total failure of all effort in the past had made her outwardly as indifferent as Mikey himself, but within she was always ill at ease in his presence. This morning, as the reading-class came up, she was not aware of watching him with unwonted keenness. Perhaps the irritating atmosphere left by the departing visitors sharpened her perceptions. At all events, Mikey was destined to be caught. It was an old trick, but it must have been new to him, for he did it very awkwardly. As the class rose to recite in concert, Miss Crampton distinctly saw him put an inverted tack on Sammy Walker's chair.

"Michael!" she cried, looking significantly at the misplaced object, "you may stay after school!"

When the children had been dismissed and Mikey was left at his desk, Miss Crampton looked at him with the helpless feeling that he always induced in her. She felt a good deal of doubt as to the efficacy of the punishment that she had fixed upon in her mind. But she could think of no other. She would accompany Mikey to his home and report him to his father, of whom he hardly could stand less in awe than of her. As she told him to get his hat, her conscience accused her of harshness, but she quieted it by the reflection that she was punishing Mikey, not for one offense, but for a long record of perversity. When she had locked the school-house door, she said, "I will walk along with you, Michael." Mikey looked bored but not surprised. He had often seen her leave the school-yard with some child, though he himself had not encouraged such familiarity. But when they reached the street, and Miss Crampton turned his way instead of hers, a complete change took place in his face. Astonishment, perplexity, consternation, followed in rapid succession. Miss Crampton's heart failed her. "Oh, Mikey!" it cried, "won't you give in and be a good boy?" But repeated failure had taught her to keep silent. The other emotions in Mikey's face had given way to obstinacy. It was slightly varied, as he turned a corner, by a look that aroused his teacher's suspicions. She stopped the first person that they met and asked, "Is this the way to Ford Street?" "No, Miss," was the reply; "you ought to have kept on two blocks more up Main Street and then turned in the other direction. There's an alley that makes a short cut." Teacher and pupil exchanged neither look nor remark as they retraced their steps, nor did Miss Crampton interfere when Mikey chose the short cut—a degree of adaptability that she regretted when they confronted a board fence and Mikey set about climbing it. But it was high. Before he had managed to drag himself to the top, balance the necessary time, and drop over, she had found a hole and crawled under. An austere silence stood her in the stead of dignity. Weeds, tin cans, and ash-heaps somewhat hindered the next stage of progress. But when they actually reached Ford Street, Mikey advanced still more slowly. At last he dashed into a yard, muttering something about home. The head that was thrust from a window at the click of the gate was identified as Mrs. Finnegan's by the sagacious inquiry that she promptly made:

"What did you do bad?"

"Nawthin'."

"Sure you did, or why is the tacher wid you?"

"I asked her to come," was the ready reply, and Mikey looked at his mother proudly. He did not, however, inspect the face of Miss Crampton. Mrs. Finnegan's became immediately one broad smile.

"Indade an' it was awful kind in you, ma'am," she exclaimed heartily, as she clattered down to open the door. "Come in an' welcome. You'd be welcome ef it was a palace instead of the poor sort of a place it is. Mikey was often spakin' to me about his tacher."

Miss Crampton was not sure that she was in her right mind, but she entered the little parlor, with its gay carpet, its haircloth furniture, and its smell of soap. A smaller Mikey or two were ordered from under foot and stood gazing from an inner doorway. The culprit pushed in behind them and proffered her a bunch of tulips that it seemed hardly possible for him to have picked in so short a time. A feeling of resentment stirred in Miss Crampton's soul, but only feebly. She looked about her in some confusion of mind. The beaming countenance of Mrs. Finnegan was, to say the least, disconcerting. The tiny tack began to fade from sight. After all, what had she to tell worth repeating? To make an impression on Mikey was her object. To judge from the complete change in the expression of his face, now glowing with cheerfulness, she had succeeded. For the present at least she must content herself with the situation. Soon Mr. Finnegan, pipe in mouth, joined the group. The smell of dinner that came in frequent whiffs as the younger Finnegans ran in and out added to the geniality of the atmosphere. Before Miss Crampton knew it she was launched upon a eulogy of Mikey, who had in truth shown himself a boy of parts. She described him as a quick reader and a rapid mathematician. In drawing he was not equaled in the school. She could scarcely believe that it was her own voice that rose in his commendation.

"He has a right to be dacint," admitted his father, modestly, "wid all the thrubble me an' his mother is to wid the whole batch of 'em. An' yourself is a foine tacher, it's plain to be seen," he added. Miss Crampton had not crawled under the fence and struggled through the ash-heaps to praise Mikey Finnegan; she certainly had not come to be herself praised. It seemed best, on the whole, to withdraw.

The next morning, when Miss Crampton rubbed open her eyes, her first thought was about Mikey. Should she find him a changed boy in school to-day? She knew better than to expect it. He would remain true to the reputation that he had so firmly established. She was not disappointed. Mikey Finnegan did not cease to be the problem of his teacher. He never gave her any serious trouble, neither did he give her any satisfaction.

When the school year was ended, and Miss Crampton stood on the back platform of the train watching the children who had come in crowds to see the teachers off, she was surprised to recognize in her special group the figure of Mikey Finnegan. Most of the uplifted faces were tearful, but his was fixed on her with the familiar stare of indifference. Almost before she had discovered him, he had transferred his gaze to an advertisement on a fence and began to throw pebbles at the tall blue letters. She tried in vain to catch his eye. Did his presence there indicate dawning affection for her, sorrow at her departure? More likely, she thought with chagrin, it was a token of regret that he could no longer torment her, modified by triumph over what he had already accomplished in that line. When the train began to move, she stepped inside but lingered looking through the door-window. The other children melted away as if by magic, but Mikey was still there, digging one heel in the ground. She watched until the little figure grew dim. When the train slipped around a curve in the road, it had not moved.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Beatrice d'Este, Duchess of Milan, 1475-1497. By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Henry Ady). E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8½ in. 387 pages. $3, net.

As many of our readers know, this study of Italy in the fifteenth century is not only an admirable piece of biography dealing with one of the most charming women of the Italian Renaissance and with the powerful family of the Sforza of Milan, with which she was allied by marriage, but it is also an intimate and detailed presentation of social manners, of political intrigues, and of art-production in a brilliant period of Italian history. Mrs. Ady, who writes under the name of Julia Cartwright, has done a great service to lovers of the Renaissance in preparing this volume and its recently published companion work, "Isabella d'Este." The present edition of this book is less expensive than its predecessor, but is still well printed and bound and makes an acceptable library volume. We cordially commend the reading of this book to any of our readers who have not heretofore had the good fortune to meet with this delightful biography.

Elements of Political Economy. By James Bonar, M.A., LL.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 207 pages. $1, net.

A remarkably lucid introduction to the study of political economy. We regret that its *point of view and scope of survey* are so distinctively English that the book does not quite meet the needs of American schools.

Language Lessons from Literature. Book I. By Alice Woodworth Cooley, assisted by W. F. Webster. Illustrated. (Webster-Cooley Language Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 200 pages.

Life of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. (The). By Richard H. Clarke, LL.D. Illustrated P. W. Ziegler & Co., Philadelphia. 6½×9 in. 656 pages.

The author of the "Lives of the Bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States" may be depended on to give us an orthodox view of the late Pope's career. The well-printed book is also well written; it describes in detail the various events and movements with which the career of Leo XIII. was connected, and will undoubtedly find wide reading. For the Protestant as for the Roman Catholic, Leo's life was often inspiring, going far to justify the biographer's belief that in it we have a model for every period of human existence and for the Christian of every faith.

Old Paths and Legends of New England: Saunterings Over Historic Roads, with Glimpses of Picturesque Fields and Old Homesteads in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire. By Katharine M. Abbott. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 6×8½ in. 484 pages. $3.50.

The author is well known through the little volumes called "Trolley Trips," which have helped many to explore and enjoy rural New England. The present work is much more ambitious in its scope, but in some respects similar in its intention. This is well expressed by the sub-title of the book, as given above. Town by town, we are taken through some of the most fascinating localities in these States, while the eye is pleased with well-printed half-tone reproductions of photographs of ancient houses, beautiful bits of scenery, historical sites, typical country lanes, trees, monuments, and scenes of modern life. There is nothing of the guide-book in the author's method of treatment, but the practical information about the places treated is sufficiently full to make the work valuable as a handbook.

Parish of Two (A). By Henry Goelet McVickar and Percy Collins. The Lothrop Publishing Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 417 pages. $1.50.

The story of an unlawful love told by letters between two men—one a minister in a Massachusetts town, the other a man of the world who is tired of his wife. Mr. McVickar writes the letters of the latter, Mr. Price Collier (Percy Collins) writes those of the other. The tale is a tragedy. Its ending is inevitable. The outcome of the wretched weakness and selfishness of the clergyman's friend, in spite of all his skillful arguments in self-defense, is thoroughly in accord with the facts of life. The writing is undeniably clever. There is a curious commingling of theatrical incident with leisurely chatting. The characters are distinct, even vivid. The narrative, which is well sustained in spite of digressions, passes at one point the bounds of plausibility.

Round the Horn Before the Mast. By A. Basil Lubbock. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 375 pages. $1.50, net.

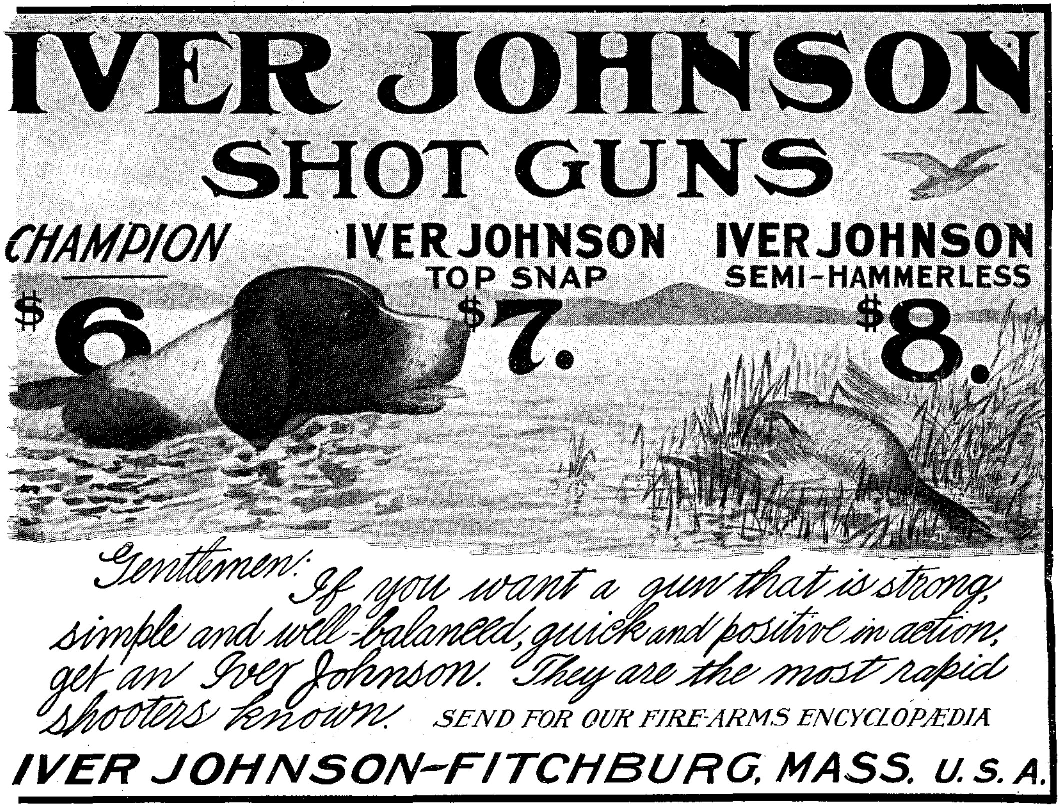
This book in another edition was reviewed in The Outlook some months ago. It has been praised by those who know the life of the sea as second only to Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," as a popular and true narrative of sailors' life. The author is one of those adventurers who would rather suffer hardship and danger and abuse before the mast than to live comfortably and quietly at home. He writes vividly, and as a keen observer of men as well as ships. This edition is evidently intended for boys, who are sure to like the book.

Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque (The). With Colored Illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson. (A New Edition.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 266 pages.

We are glad to have a reproduction of this book, if only because of the many amusing allusions to it in Thackeray. It must be admitted that the long narrative poem would hardly stand continuous re-reading nowadays, and that it seems to border pretty closely on doggerel. Nevertheless, it has a decided interest as reflecting a curious stage of taste and a curious ideal of humor as they existed in England in the early part of the last century. It will be remembered that the inception of this book was with the artist Thomas Rowlandson, who painted picture after picture illustrating the comic situations which a schoolmaster traveling in search of the picturesque, with an ultimate view of making his fortune by printing his adventures, might be supposed to encounter. The pictures were sent to the author, who turned out with astonishing ease rhymes to fit the pictures. Rowlandson's pictures are reproduced in color in this edition, and are certainly amusing, though they have lost by time a good deal of their flavor and point. It is surprising that the author's name does not appear at all in this edition, and that there is no introductory chapter stating such facts as those we have just given. The book was written by William Combe, a very singular person, who produced no less than eighty-six literary works, of which the present is the only one remembered, and that not so much for its own merit as because of the allusions to it in other books. Combe was a character—among other things, he was a teetotaler in a hard-drinking age—and a chapter telling the story of his life and adventures would really have been more amusing than the narrative of Dr. Syntax.

Under Mad Anthony's Banner. By James Ball Naylor. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 394 pages. $1.50.

Vittorio Emanuele, Prince of Piedmont. By James Murmell. Franklin Printing Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7¼ in. 113 pages. 75c.



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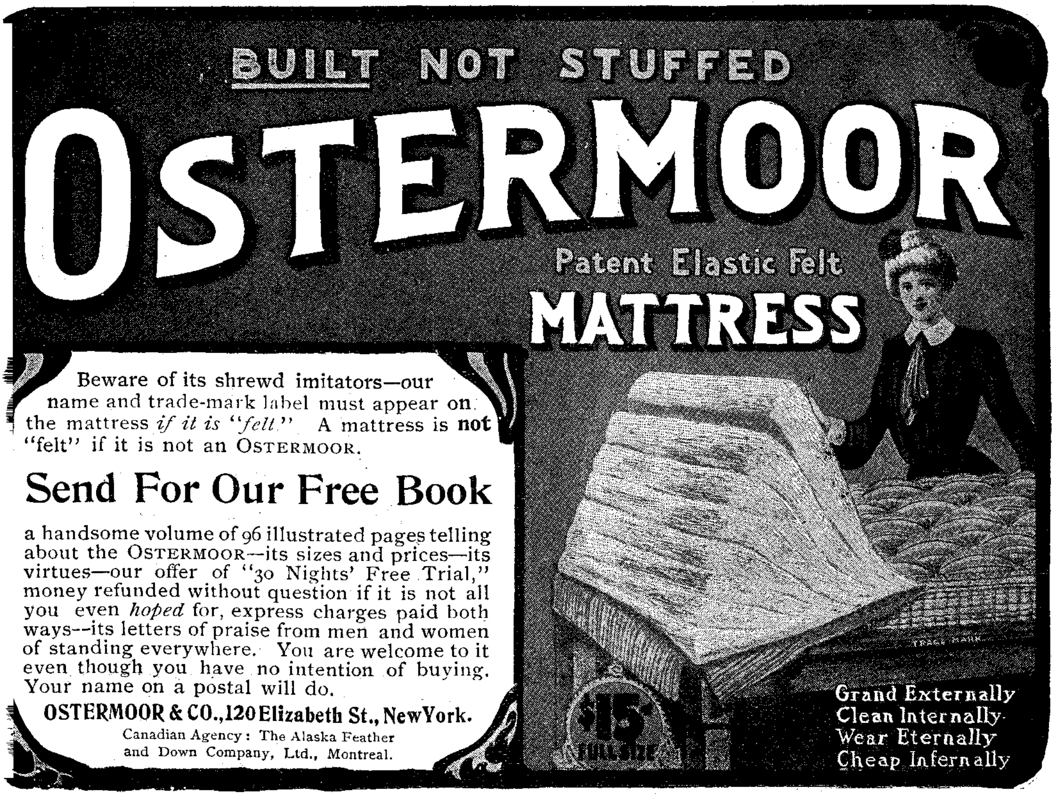

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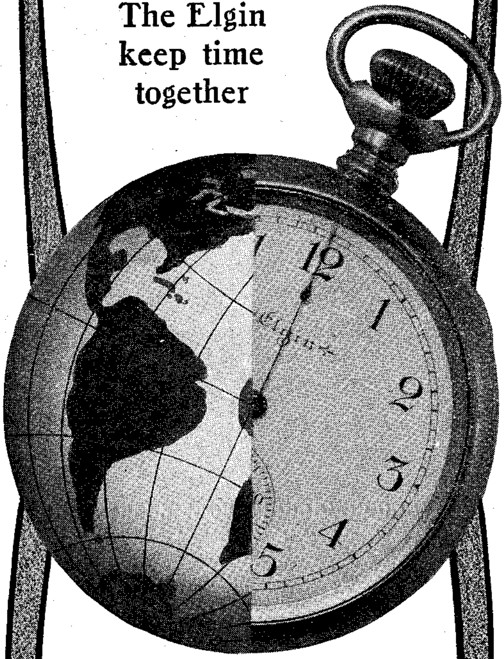

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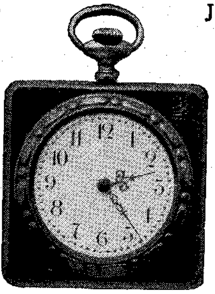

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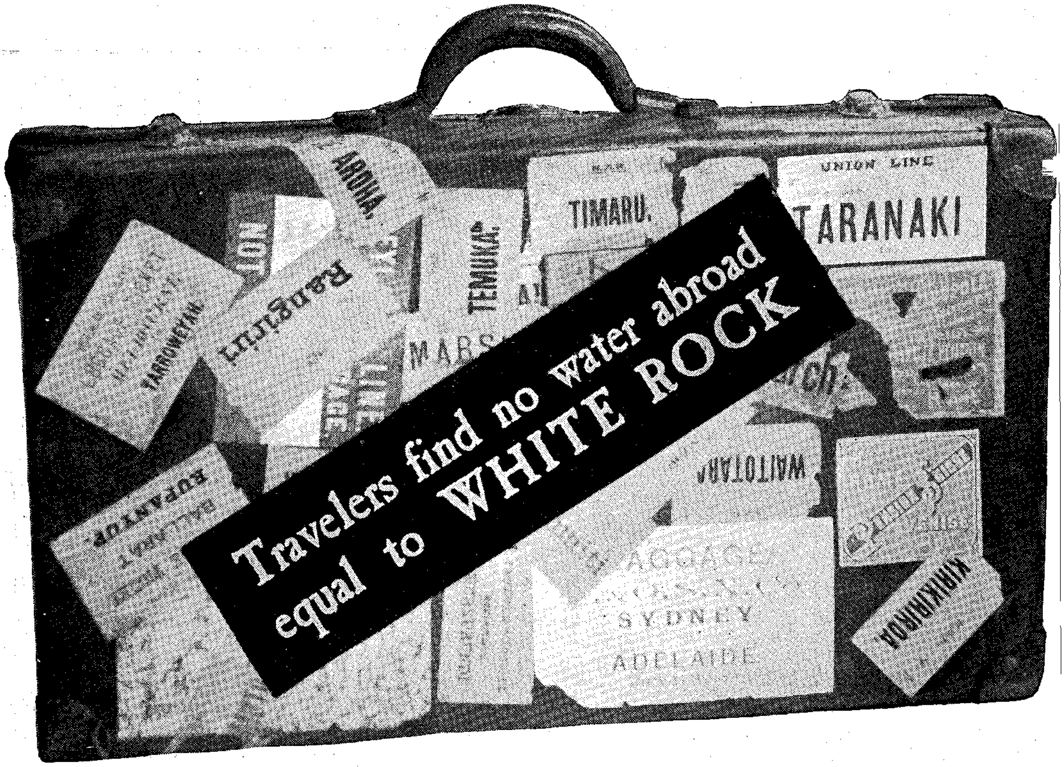
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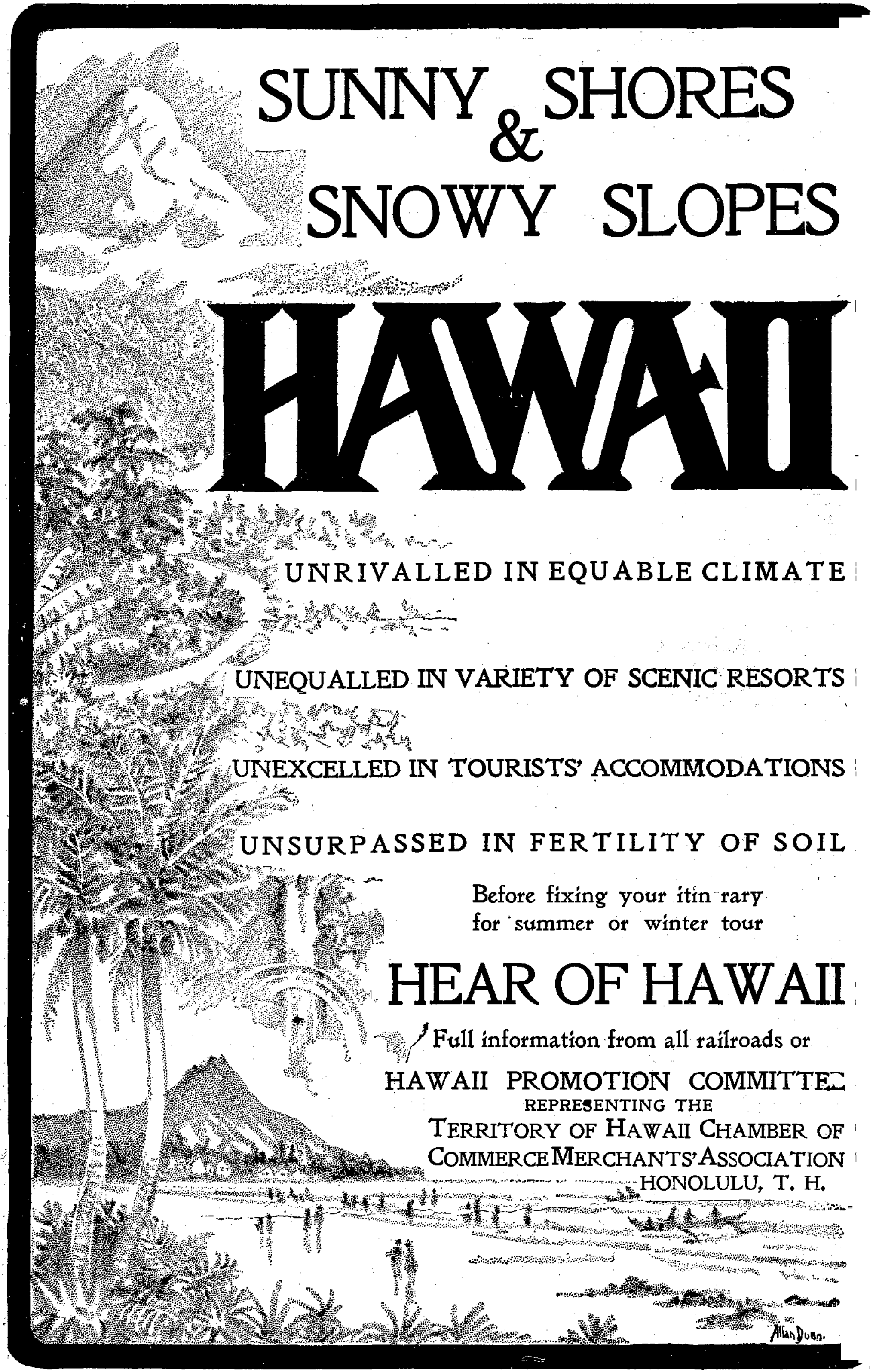

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